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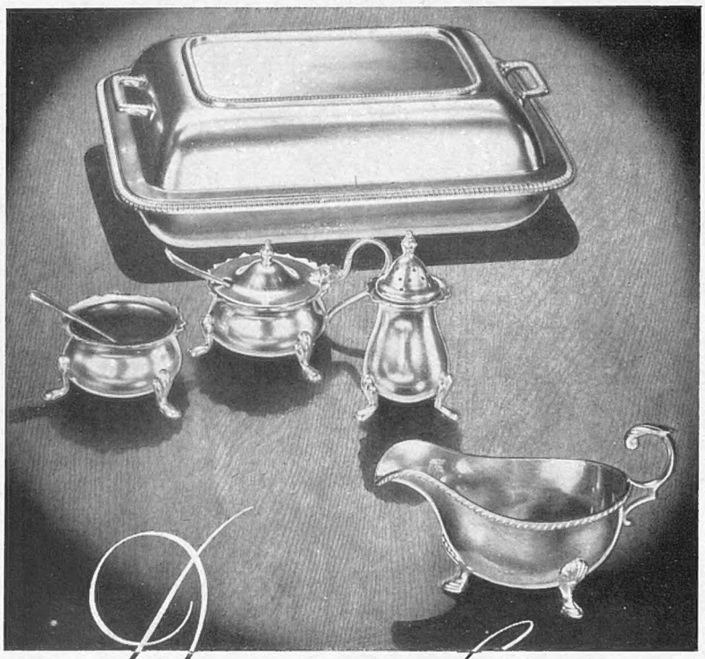

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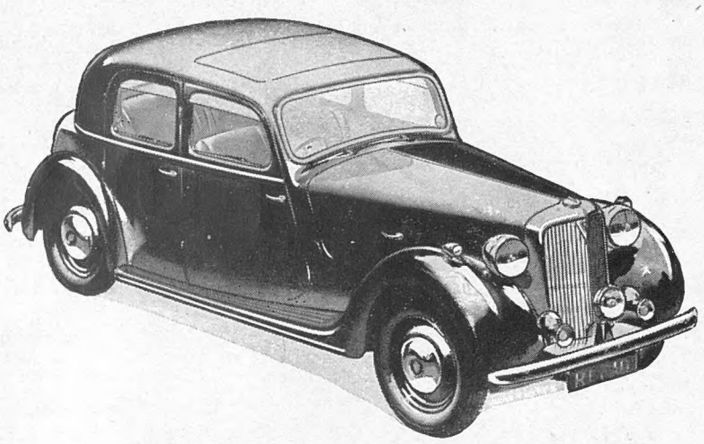

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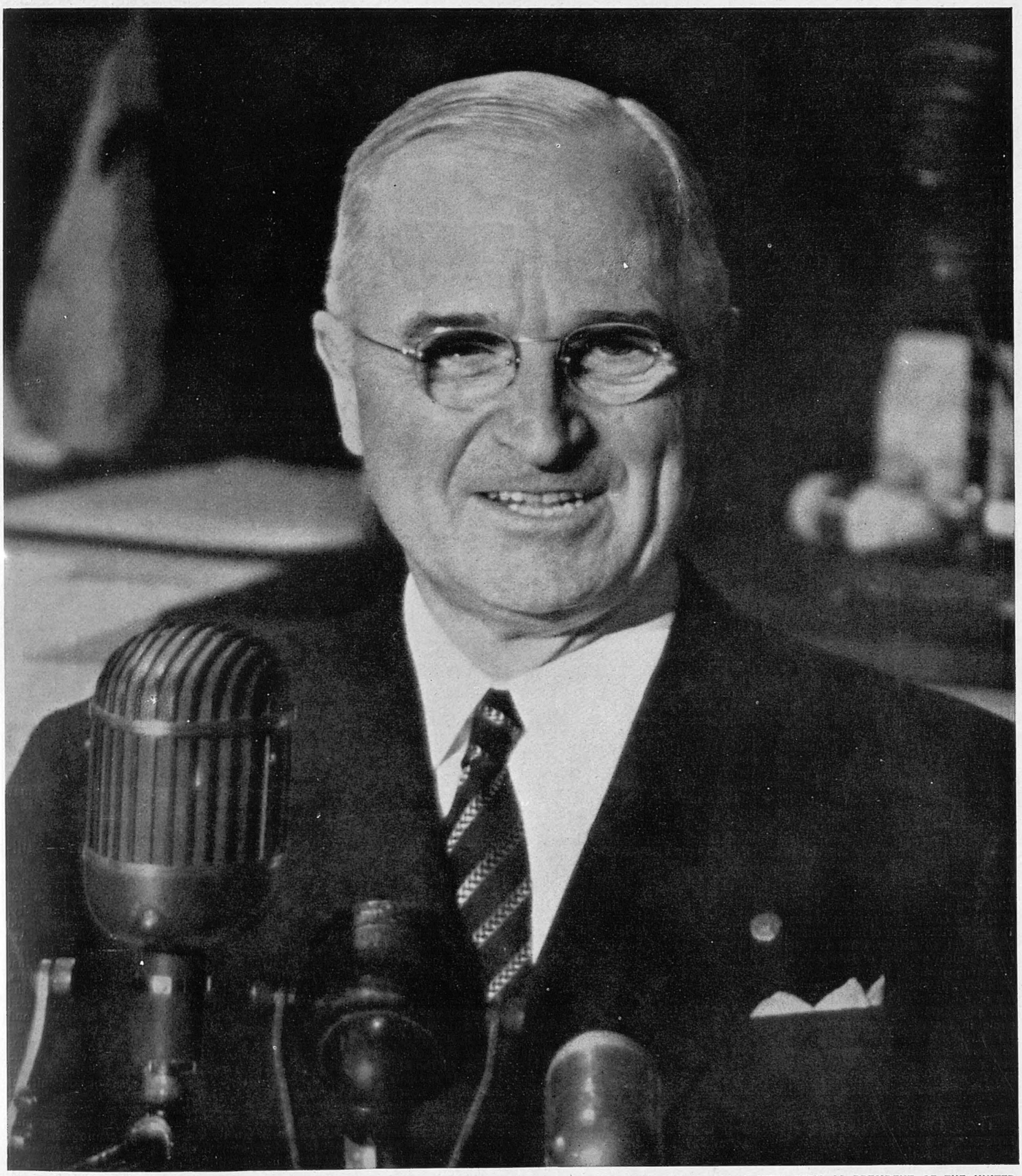
Volume CXCVI No. 2554 The SPHERE, London, January 15, 1949

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly



ANNOUNCING HIS FAIR DEAL—PRESIDENT HARRY S. TRUMAN, WHO ON JANUARY 20 WILL BE INAUGURATED FOR A NEW TERM AS PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES: Last week, in his address to Congress on the "State of the Union," Mr. Truman outlined to the American people what he called "a fair deal for all," urging upon a friendly Congress swift and far-reaching reforms bolder than anything America has known since Franklin Roosevelt's "New Deal"

President Truman, who was swept back into office last November at the head of a triumphant Democratic Party, assumes office next week "in his own right" when he will be inaugurated at the Capitol, Washington, together with his running-mate, Mr. Alben Barkley. On January 5 was the opening session of the newly-elected Congress, and to the joint session the President, in accordance with custom, delivered his address on the State of the Union. He called for greater freedom for organised labour, a higher national minimum wage of 3s. 9d. an hour, sweeping economic controls to meet the cost of living, social legislation to help the poor, and finally £1,000,000,000 more in taxes to help pay for the new services. On January 8, two days after the President's message to Congress, came the news of Mr. Marshall's resignation as Secretary of State and the appointment of Mr. Dean Acheson. At the same time, the President and his advisers faced a crisis in foreign affairs following the news of the Israeli attacks on British aircraft over Egyptian territory in the Sinai Peninsula. (*See also* page 75 of this issue)

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A LONDON NEWSLETTER

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

Jewish Aggression.—It is no surprise that Mr. Bevin remained in London and summoned the Commonwealth High Commissioners to consultation when the news came of the latest Jewish outrage beyond the Palestine border, and no surprise that Navy personnel on leave in Malta have been recalled to their ships. Four British Spitfires and one Tempest, on reconnaissance well inside the Egyptian border, were shot down by Jewish airmen. They had been ordered to avoid combat, though presumably they were armed. The wording of the order to "avoid combat" suggests that the possibility of interference was foreseen. Protests to Israeli or to U.N. are not likely to be more effective than the cancellation of the "Foreign Office" order by a military order to treat invading Jewish aircraft as hostile, and to shoot first. This outrage must have shaken most of us out of apathy, and if Parliament were in session must have produced a bombardment of questions in the House. It comes as a culmination of Jewish *hubris* in the last months, and should be a short and adequate answer to the charge that Britain sides with the Arab cause in Palestine. The dangers inherent in the situation are obviously great. The Near East is rapidly becoming a powder-magazine, with sparks flying. Our interests there are vital, the Commonwealth depends on their safeguarding, and it seems clear that this latest incident cannot be shelved as so many others have been by the impotence of U.N.O. or the patience of Britain. The action of the Dutch in Indonesia certainly appears less contentious than it did a week ago.

Mr. Churchill's Holiday.—If men are judged by the company they keep, a political adversary (Mr. Morrison or Mr. Bevan) might shoot a sly shaft at Mr. Churchill, whose publicised companions on the Riviera seemed to be entirely composed of ex-kings, *émigrés* dukes and princes in retirement. From which fact such a political foe might suggest that (politically) Mr. Churchill lives among lost causes. Perhaps there is something Ruritanian, D'Israelian or Ouidaesque in that gallery of names, that galaxy of *émigrés* that clusters round our great star on the Côte d'Azur. I am never very certain that social publicity benefits public characters, whether they be young princesses or old statesmen. We do know that it gives enormous interest to sections of the public to learn who dances or dines with royalty or great Panjandrums, but it leads to gossip which is often false and usually impertinent. Most of it is, of course, the harvest of smart Press reporters; some of it is innocently served out to satisfy what is called the "healthy interest of Democracy." It is true, perhaps, too, that sensitive political supporters in all ranks of life may deplore the searchlight which now pinpoints Mr. Churchill and his circle in his present gift-holiday on the Riviera. Conservative policy is to woo the Conservative working man, and nervous Conservatives may find Mr. Churchill's don't-give-a-damn-for-public-opinion embarrassing.

The Best Policy.—The Primate was very mild and polite in his suggestion that as a nation we have become just a little—dare one say it?—dishonest. Having put his finger on the key to so very much of our present discontents and failures, he could perhaps have rammed the point more vehemently home. For indeed our decline in honesty is frightful, embracing all classes and covering a great variety of activities. Dishonesty is rife in nations, governments, institutions, classes and individuals, and it takes many forms, from breaches of contract and betrayal of pledges, to devices for cheating the Revenue and plain pilfering. Bertrand Russell has explained very clearly how primitive communities came to discover that a measure of law, order and common honesty was a positive necessity if men were to enjoy the blessing of peaceful sleep and the certainty of something for the belly. And he has shown also the causes which in the end break down that accepted expedient of law and order, and bring down civilisation into chaos. Those same causes have brought us to our present humiliating pass. No man's larder is safe from his neighbour. Once more, like our cave-men ancestors, we must stand watch over it day and night. It is an uncomfortable state. We must wait to the end of the Reith lectures to learn Bertrand Russell's ideas of how we can check and end our rush to chaos and break-up, primarily due to too much State control of healthy initiative and too much temptation to initiative of a criminal kind. Meanwhile, dishonesty is proving the worst possible policy, at all levels. The honest man must be treated (and is so treated) as a suspected thief by every department of Government, by the public services, the shops, the police, and by his neighbour. How very different, how much more pleasant, was the picture in my youth.

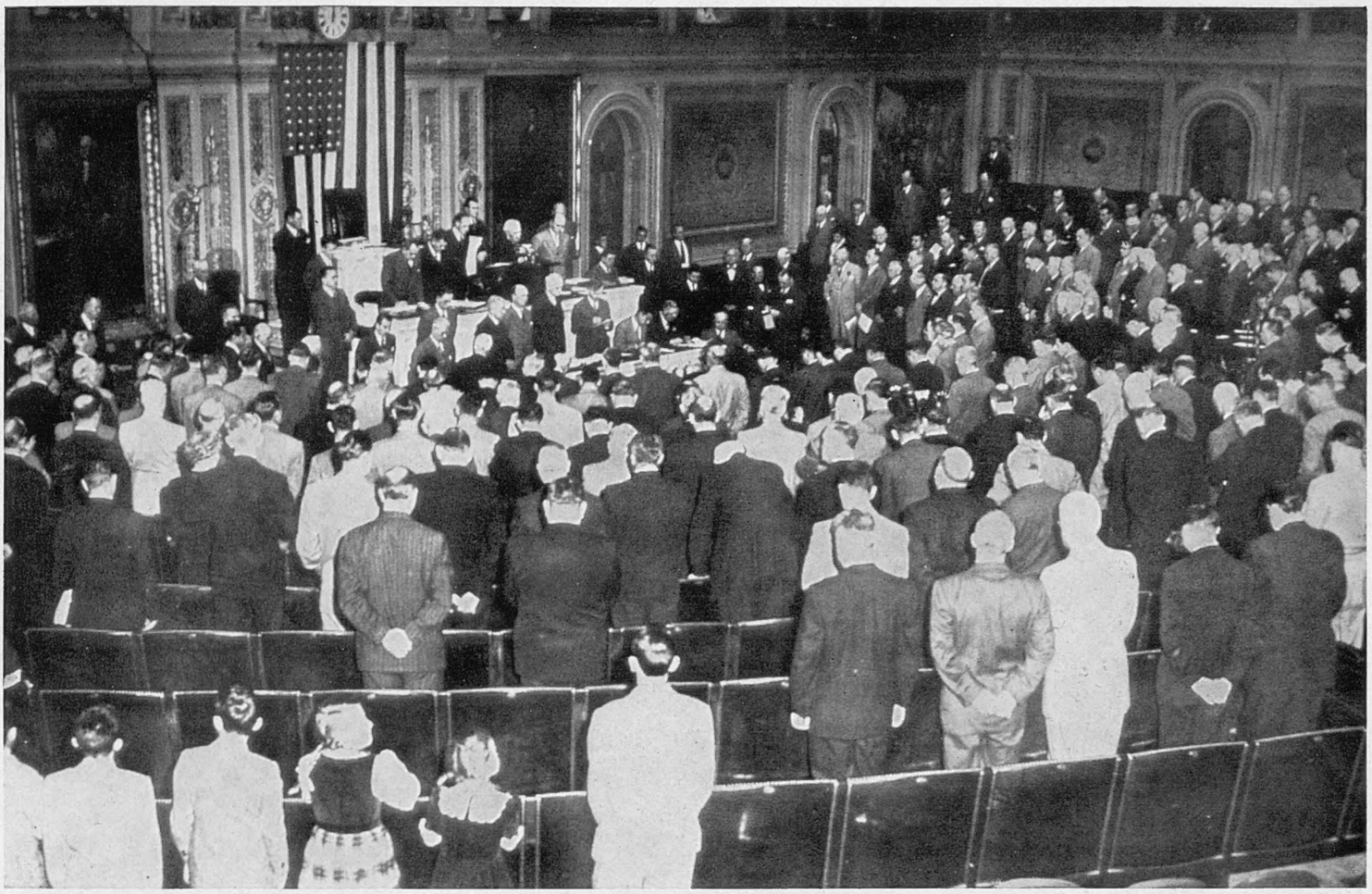
TWELFTH NIGHT, CUTTING THE BADDELEY CAKE—ISABEL BIGLEY, LEADING LADY OF THE MUSICAL PLAY "OKLAHOMA," RECEIVING A PIECE OF THE CELEBRATED CAKE FROM FRANK COLLINS, MASTER OF THE BADDELEY CAKE FUND: Observed annually since 1795 (with the exception of the years of the two World Wars), the ancient ceremony of cutting the Baddeley Cake was held on January 6 at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane. The ceremony derives from the will of Robert Baddeley, the pastrycook-actor, who bequeathed a sum of £100 to provide a cake bearing his name which should be cut for "His Majesty's Company of Comedians"—the correct title for any company appearing at the Theatre Royal. This year's ceremony was attended by the entire cast of the popular musical show "Oklahoma"

1,000 M.P.H.—It is clear now that the middle-aged will see the day when a business man may breakfast comfortably in London, transact some business in New York, and dine at his club in Whitehall. In the latest tests with rocket robots made off the Cornish coast, a speed of 900 m.p.h. was reached, a speed which is one-and-a-half times the speed of sound at 10,000 yards up. I presume that the aeroplane designers and scientists all acclaim this as a Good Thing. Whether or no the historian of the far future—coolly examining the hectic pages of history in the twentieth century—will endorse their view in the calm atmosphere of his glass-and-chromium library, we do not know and cannot say. Myself, I refuse to throw my hat in the air. If the rest of this "horrible century" is to be devoted to preparing for, and fighting, defensive world wars, reason would that we should congratulate ourselves on the defeat of sound in the race for speed. But I have never yet comprehended the advantage of speed in a peaceful epoch; that is to say, of the transport of human bodies at terrific speed across the world. Up to the middle of the nineteenth century, statesmen and business men and armies travelled no faster than did the last of the legions and the Roman pro-consuls. And bad as the world was in those days, when ambassadors were not mere post-offices but men of initiative, it was not so bad as it is to-day. Can anyone doubt that the invention of flying was the greatest calamity that ever fell on the human race, and that the speeding-up of every form of communication has brought more grief than gain?

Shooting Season Review.—Another shooting season draws to a close. The hopeful partridge already is thinking of finding its mate. It is said that hundreds of M.P.s would be glad if the season 1948-49 might be the shooters' last chapter. I am quite certain that it will not. The last few years have been lean enough to those who enjoyed the sweets before and between the wars. There was yet no sign of the return of the grouse to the deserted moors of the Highlands. In England pheasants were fairly plentiful even in the unfavoured southern counties. Norfolk, Suffolk and Hampshire can usually make do in a modest way without rearing. And money and a little shrewd winking at regulations justify the wealthy in paying big money in the Midlands for syndicate guns. In my part of Sussex we carry on—for the benefit (as we say) of our sons in the holidays. It *is* slow work to wait for a chance of a single bird at well-remembered stands where once our barrels grew too hot to hold; but it is not all altruism that keeps us going. Always we hope for better days; always we decide that we are helping to bring back the stock of game by mixing the bag with "various, a few jays, magpies and the not uncommon and never-chased fox, with a few stoats or weasels, a carrion crow and a little owl. And in truth there is another consideration which contradicts the virtue of pure altruism—the economic factor. A pheasant, a partridge or a hare is a welcome variation from Danish cow, and the average retail price is not much less than £1. A modest little shoot in Sussex may hope to bag 150 partridges and pheasants in the season. If five guns subscribe as much as £25 a head for the costs of running it with a part-time keeper—it can just be done if their wives and daughters act as beaters—the division of the game among them more than pays for the season's pleasure, and the wives are grateful for a welcome addition to the larder. My personal record of this season reveals these figures: during our month in Scotland we lived practically on what we shot and gaffed. At home in England we brought home 46 partridges and pheasants from our syndicate shoot and from shoots with our neighbours. Three birds a week certainly swell and vary the weekly bill of fare. So, shooting may be "slow" by comparison but it is still worth while.

Gardens Scheme—Full-Steam Ahead.—I have always been interested in the Gardens Scheme (Q.I.D.N.). It has done much for national brotherhood and amenity. And I rejoice that its future—rendered uncertain by the National Health Act—is once more decided and clear. The Q.I.D.N. and the National Trust and the R.H.S. have come to terms, and henceforth the profits of the openings will be divided on an agreed basis between two great causes and needs: (1) To help older district-nurses not comprised in superannuation schemes, (2) to provide revenue for the upkeep of historic gardens under N.T. or gardens of horticultural interest. I think that these combined aims should attract even more garden owners to open their grounds to the public which cannot ever have enough opportunities to see what is beautiful and new and stimulating of imitation. The worst austerity in petrol rationing is probably over, and visitors can again come from farther afield to pastures new. Human beings are hungry for peace and beauty and friendliness. The gardens of England afford the best opportunity to enjoy these blessings and to learn again the art of "saying it with flowers." If only we could induce the Kremlin to come to Kew. . . .

THE OLD STAGER

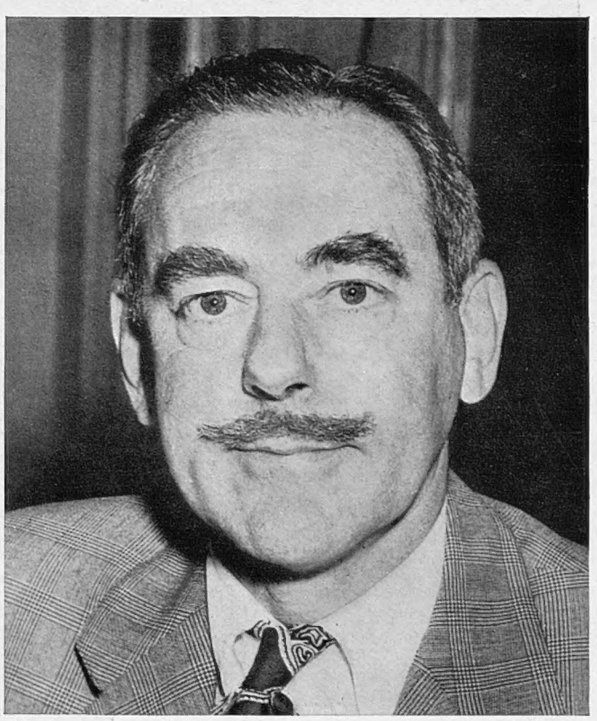


MEMBERS OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES STAND IN PRAYER : Led by the Rev. James Shera Montgomery, Chaplain to the House, the Representatives recite the Lord's Prayer before hearing President Truman address the Joint Session of the Eighty-first Congress on the State of the Union. The message, declaring war on poverty, was received with great applause

The 81st Congress Meets and MR. MARSHALL RESIGNS

January has already proved a momentous month in American politics, and the most dramatic event has been the resignation of Mr. Marshall, whose departure from office robs Mr. Truman of a brilliant lieutenant. In seven years of high office at the War Department and the State Department, Mr. Marshall has made an indelible mark on history. Mr. Truman's message to Congress, delivered two days before Mr. Marshall's resignation, created a sensation, foreshadowing a far more liberal policy

GEORGE MARSHALL, A GREAT SECRETARY OF STATE : Mr. Marshall outside his home at Pinehurst, North Carolina, where he is recuperating from a severe operation and where he heard the official announcement that he had tendered his resignation. World-wide tributes to Mr. Marshall followed the news that he was relinquishing his office. Mr. Bevin has described Marshall as "This great American who did as much as any one man to win the war and who has since devoted his efforts to restoring the wrecked economy of Europe"

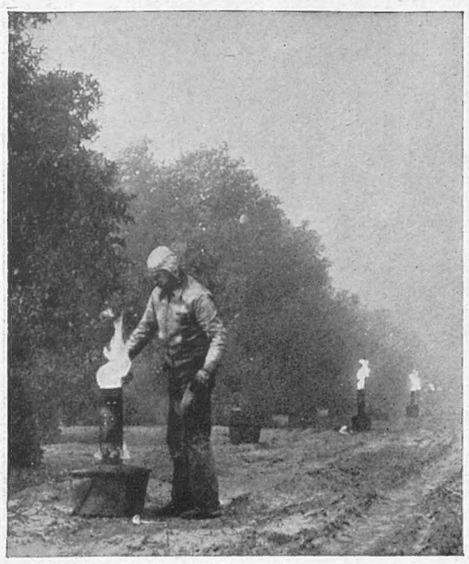


MR. DEAN ACHESON, MR. MARSHALL'S SUCCESSOR AS SECRETARY OF STATE : Mr. Acheson, a fifty-five-year-old veteran in American Foreign Affairs, has held high posts in the State Department, both under Mr. Cordell Hull and Mr. James Byrnes. He has a record in the past of having been sympathetic towards Moscow. Acheson will be the fifth man to sit in the Secretary of State's chair in just over four years

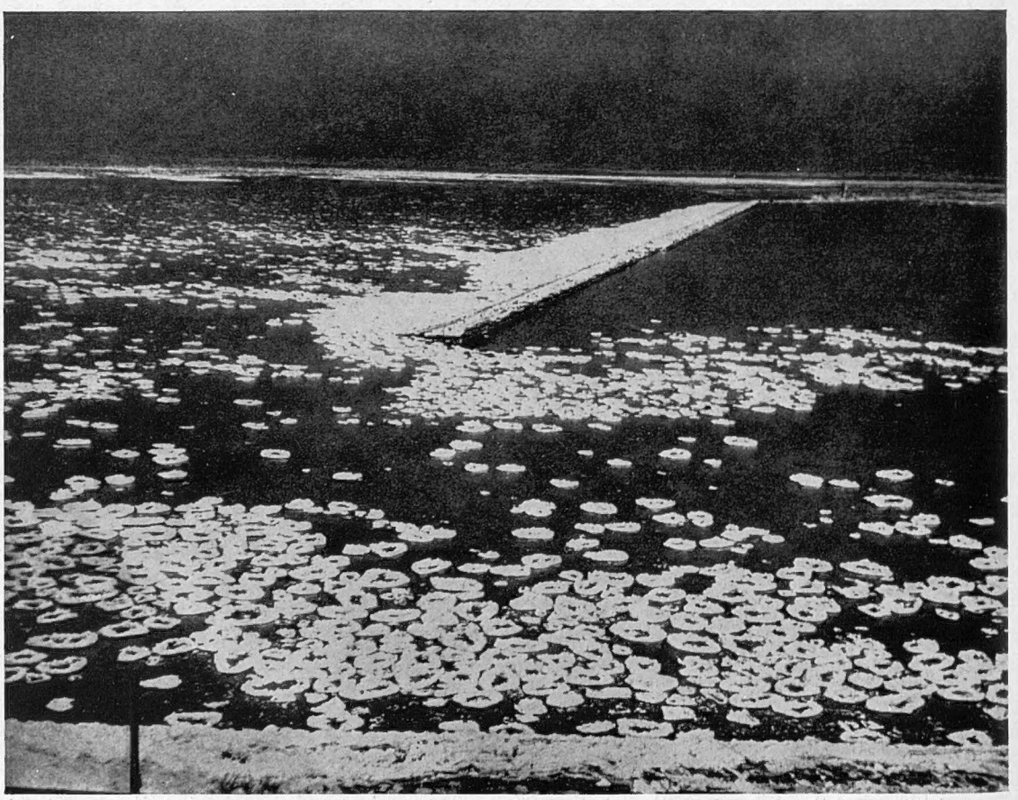
IN THE PATH OF THE ARKANSAS TORNADO—THE WRECKED LUMBER TOWN OF WARREN AFTER IT HAD BEEN HIT BY THE GREAT STORM, 46 PERSONS BEING KILLED AND 300 INJURED: The damage to property was wholesale, nearly every house in Warren being razed to the ground. Louisiana and Kansas were other States to be visited by tornadoes, while in the Dakotas and Western Nebraska there were tremendous falls of snow, with winds blowing from 40 to 60 m.p.h.

America's Weather Extremes

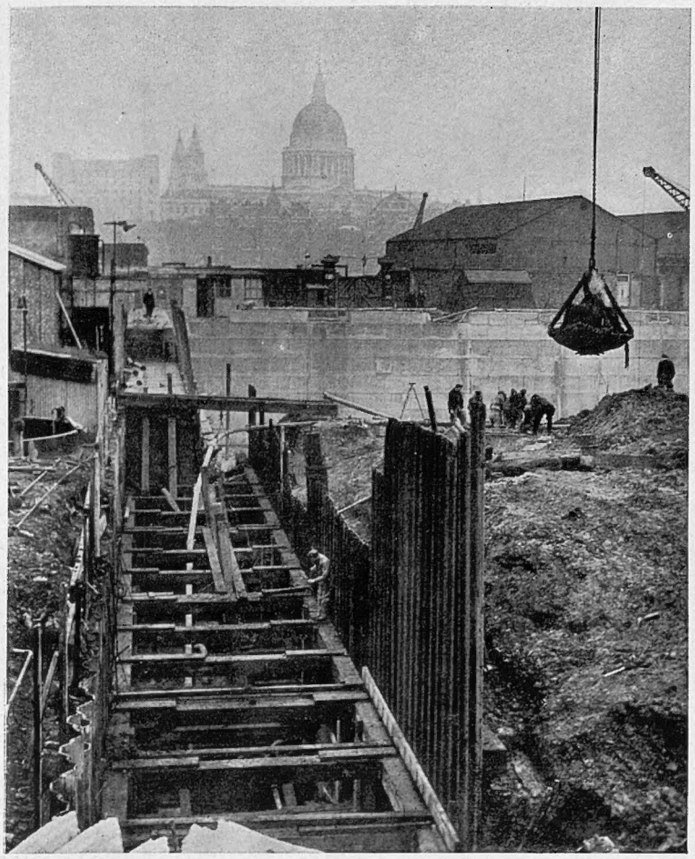
The ARKANSAS TORNADO and the CALIFORNIAN FROST



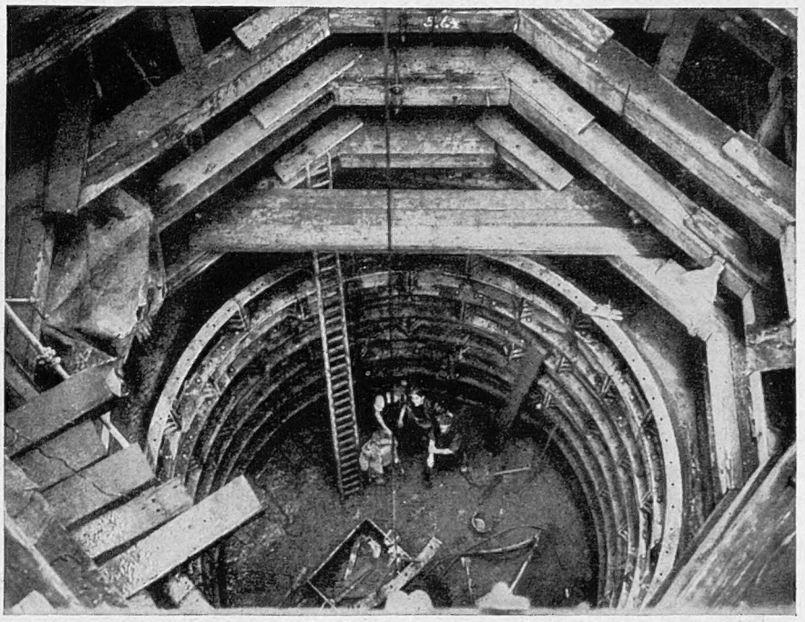
THE THREAT TO THE CALIFORNIAN ORANGE CROP: Lighting protective lamps in an orange grove at Covina as ripening crops worth millions of dollars were menaced by low temperatures. This was California's coldest weather on record, and it caught growers in the citrus fruit area only half-prepared



FREAKISH ICE FORMATIONS ON LAKE MICHIGAN: These curious discs drifting off-shore near Chicago were formed by rain and buffeting winds. It was just part of the freakish and varied weather in the United States in the first week of January. While towns in the south were devastated by tornadoes, the north was freezing; the eastern States in New England, also New Jersey and New York, were subjected to flooding



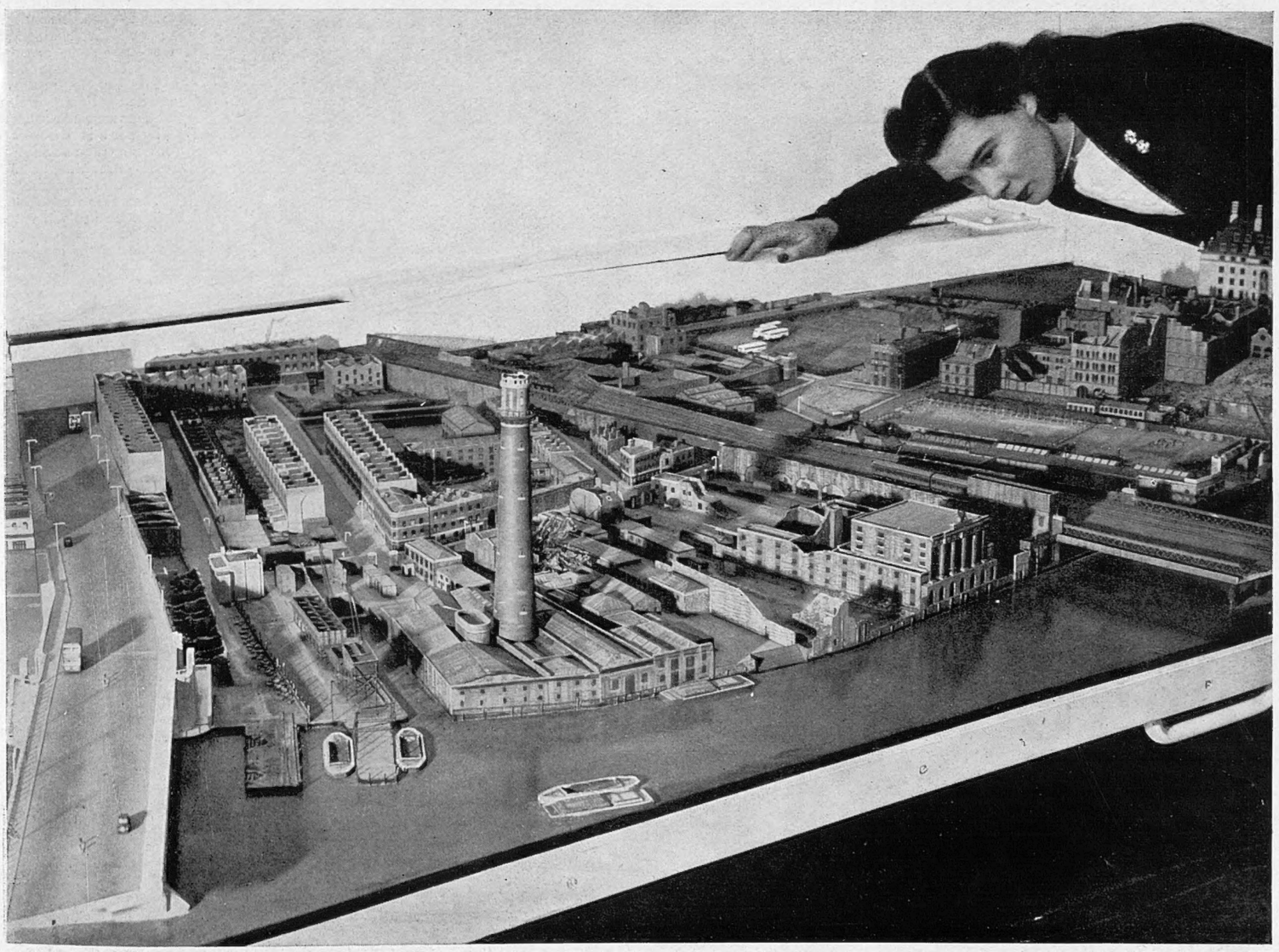
WORK PROGRESSES ON THE BANKSIDE POWER STATION: Foundations in course of construction on the south side of the river for the new plant, which will cost approximately £11,000,000 to complete



SHAFT-SINKING AT BANKSIDE: Work in progress on the site of the enlarged power station, the project for which caused such a storm of controversy in 1947. The new building is designed by Sir Giles Gilbert Scott, who, in defence of his plans, has stated that the Bankside Tower will not compete with the dominance of St. Paul's, and that "all objectionable features of a power station have been eradicated." Both the authorities at St. Paul's and Lord Latham, then leader of the L.C.C., led the opposition against the Bankside plan, Lord Latham on the grounds that it interferes with the scheme for development of the South Bank. Bankside will have gardens facing the river

DEVELOPING THE SOUTH BANK

Foundations for the New Power Station and a Model for the Great Exhibition of 1951



WHERE LONDON WILL BE HOST TO THE WORLD—THE 33-ACRE SITE OF THE GREAT EXHIBITION OF 1951 BETWEEN THE SOUTH APPROACH TO WATERLOO BRIDGE ON THE EAST AND THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL OFFICES ON THE WEST: The model shows the site as it is now, and, as development takes place, the model will be altered accordingly. The exhibition is to be the focal point of the Festival of Britain. The South Bank site, except for the Shot Tower and, of course, Hungerford Bridge, will be cleared, and work on this has already begun. The temporary exhibition buildings will be unusually interesting because, like the Crystal Palace of the 1851 exhibition, they will, it is hoped, show a new technique. Shortage of materials, chiefly steel and concrete, has forced the exhibition architects and their research advisers to break away from orthodox practice. The result will be buildings of reinforced fabrics of an entirely new kind, allowing of shapes impossible with existing methods, and yet able to withstand English weather

"CARONIA'S" MAIDEN VOYAGE

The New Dual-Purpose Liner Leaves for New York

The *Caronia*, of 34,000 tons, should be a great dollar-earner for Britain when this dual-purpose ship books American passengers for sunshine cruises. Externally the cruising purpose is apparent in the blending of four shades of green in the colours of the hull, and she is indeed the first vessel of comparable size to be so distinguished. Tests extending over eighteen months were carried out before shades were produced which, besides being attractive in appearance, would prove durable in varying weather. Two ship's plates were painted in the shades approved, one of them being carried across the Atlantic for five voyages on the foredeck of a cargo-ship. The other was sent to West Africa and exposed to the full rays of the tropical sun, being laid flat on the deck. Only when the tests were completed could the owners be sure that the *Caronia's* colours would prove fast.

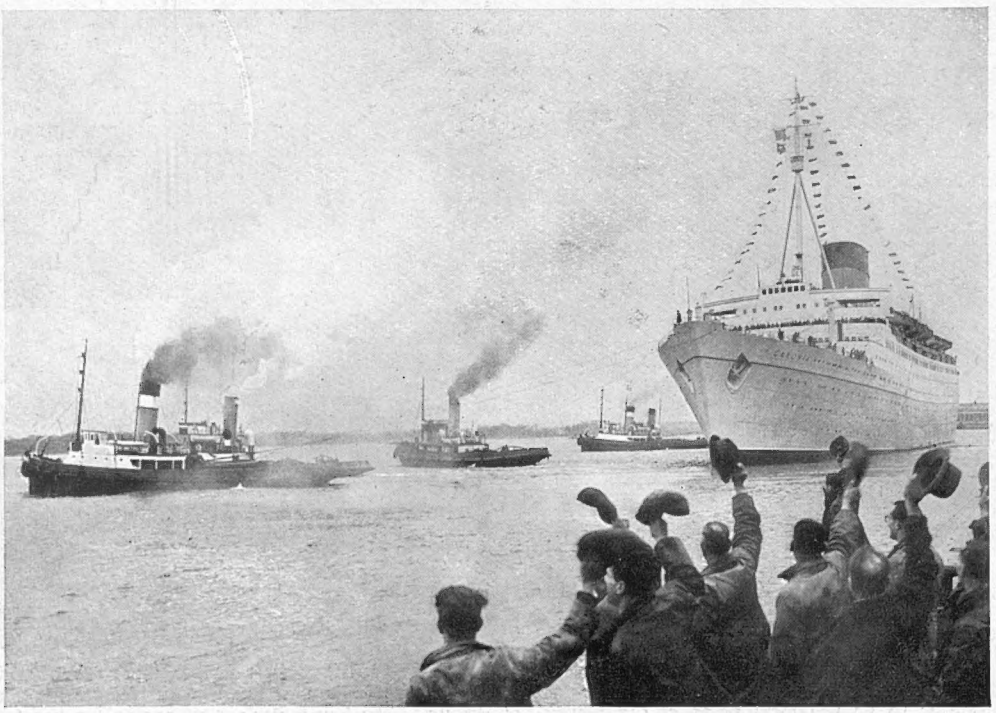
Many other unusual calculations had also to be made in connection with *Caronia*, the builders having to ensure, for instance, that she would be able to enter all the ports likely to be included in a world cruising itinerary.

The *Caronia*, in some ways reminiscent of a large-scale private yacht, has many unusual amenities.

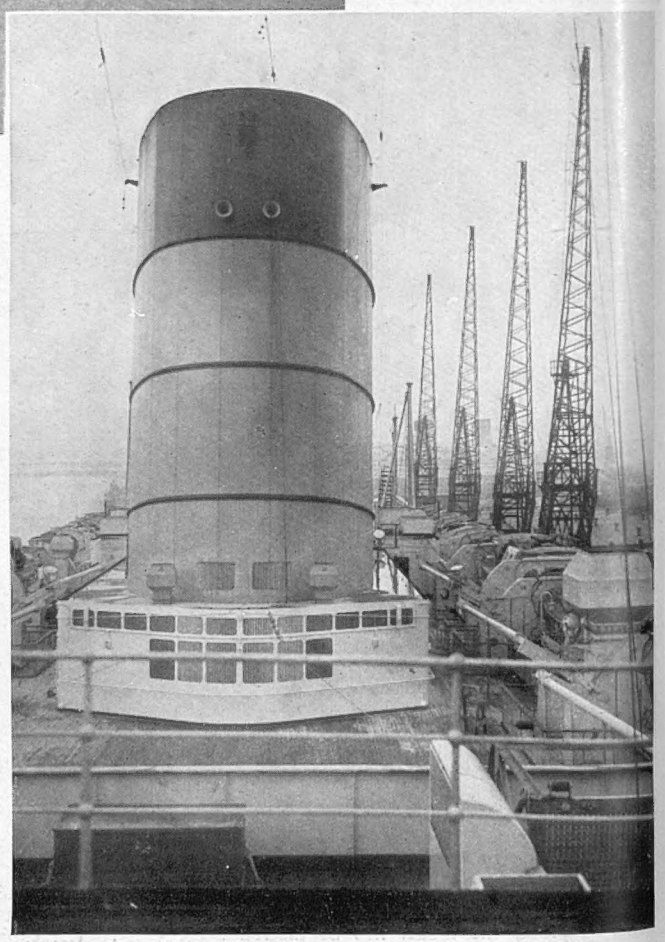
Included in *Caronia's* equipment as a cruise ship is a laundry capable of receiving the clothes of 2,000 persons in tropical weather.

Those who want the luxury of breakfast in bed will not be disappointed, as excellent pantries are available for the service of those remaining in their cabins.

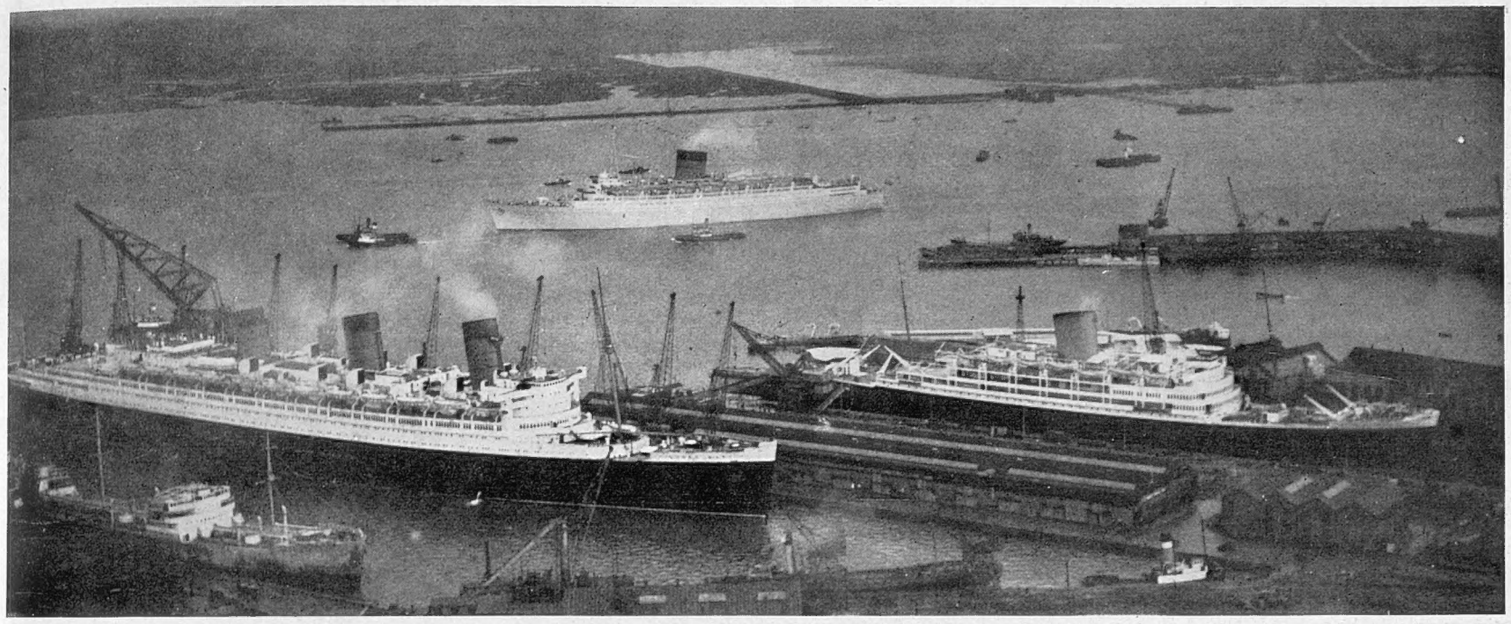
DRESSED OVERALL, THE "CARONIA" PASSES DOWN SOUTHAMPTON WATER: The latest addition to the Cunard-White Star Fleet, the largest liner to be built since the war, setting out for New York on her maiden voyage. In dry dock in the background is the "Queen Elizabeth"



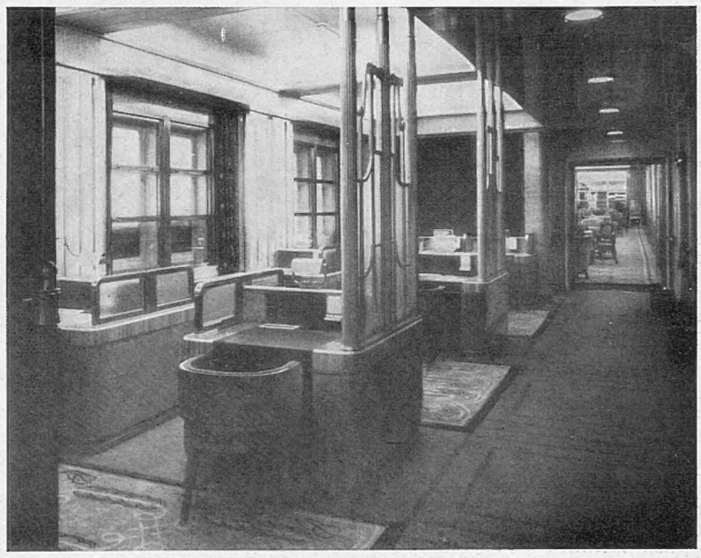
FAREWELL TO "CARONIA": Dock workers waving "bon voyage" as the liner, with her tug escort, went down to the sea. She has been built to combine the two functions of a North Atlantic liner and a cruising vessel. Her clipper bow, rather reminiscent of that in a large private yacht, is similar to that of the Cunarder "Russia," which was built ninety years ago



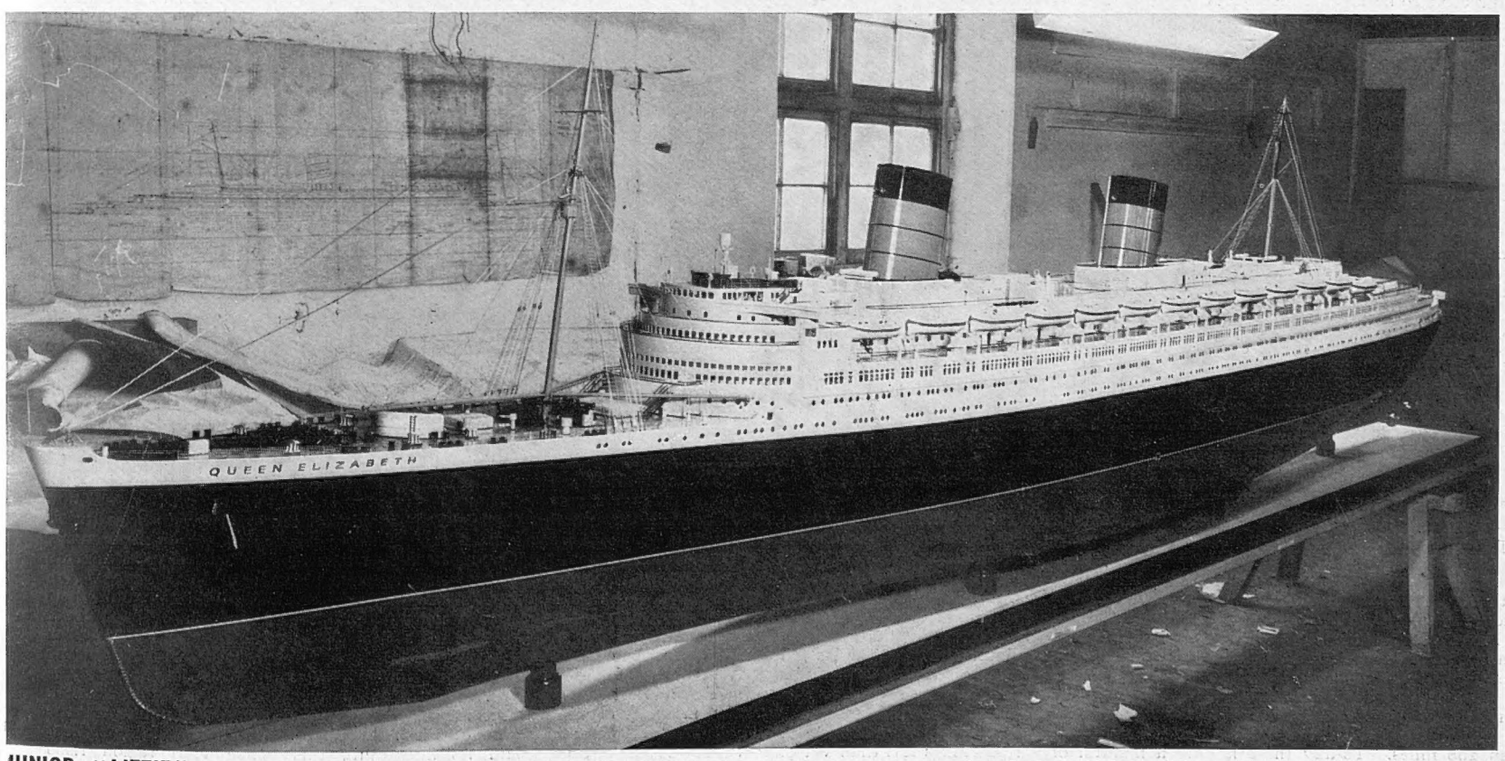
THE TOWERING SINGLE FUNNEL OF THE NEW LINER: The most striking individual feature of the "Caronia." It is 53 ft. long and 46 ft. high, and is intended to carry the smoke clear of the passengers engaged in sports on the upper deck



THREE GREAT SHIPS AT SOUTHAMPTON: The outward-bound "Caronia" passing the "Queen Mary," which had been delayed by the mishap at Cherbourg, and the Royal Mail Line's "Andes." The "Caronia's" clipper bows and cruiser stern are well shown in this picture



THE SMOKING-ROOM AND WRITING-ROOM OF THE NEW LINER: Two interior views of the "Caronia," which has all the solid comfort of Cunard-White Star tradition. On the promenade deck the first-class public rooms include an observation lounge, looking over the bows, main lounge, smoking-room, library writing-room and theatre. There are two restaurants, the Balmoral and the Sandringham, names recalling the Royal associations of the ship, which was launched at Clydebank by Princess Elizabeth, and on the sun deck is a veranda, where meals may be served and an orchestra plays for dancing under cover



JUNIOR "LIZZIE"—THE LARGEST SCALE MODEL OF A SHIP EVER MADE: On a scale of one-quarter of an inch to a foot, this model of the "Queen Elizabeth" has been made in Bassett-Lowke's Northampton works. It is to adorn the Cunard-White Star offices in New York. The model is 23 ft. long and 7 tons in weight, the hull having been carved from a 25-ft. log from the Gold Coast. It took forty-five craftsmen nearly a year to build the model

CRUCIAL DAYS AT THE SUEZ

The Risk of Another China Debacle

By FERDINAND TUOHY

IT is pleasant to turn from the maddeningly complicated problem of the Middle East, centring on the Suez Canal, to the figure of Ferdinand de Lesseps on Port Said breakwater, welcoming all to equal use of his creation "in war and in peace"; pleasant but profitless.

In the technical sense, as international waterway, the Canal is operating in a manner that would have brought delight to the Count's eyes. It has withstood the impact of two world wars, surmounted the challenge of its only competitor, Panama, met the onset of air transport with scarce a ripple; and still the tolls in gold francs come tumbling in.

Traffic has, in fact, so increased since 1945 that the Suez Canal Company, in Paris, has approved immense new construction work that would eventually enable 100 vessels a day to be handled instead of the present 24. Three years ago the figure was 17.

Four separate projects are in train with a view to rendering the passage speedier and safer for the ever-growing carrier fleet which world development, east and west, is envisaged as requiring.

First on the list is duplication of the channel for 7 miles between El Kantara and Ismailia, so as to allow northbound and southbound convoys to pass without the need for vessels to tie up in order to let other ships go by. As things are, dual passage is only possible in the Bitter Lakes. The new channel is to be cut through the desert east of the existing Canal between 40 and 50 miles south of Port Said.

Secondly, the Company intends to deepen the whole Canal by rather more than 1 ft. to facilitate the steering of laden vessels, and particularly benzine tankers, which are rapidly increasing. This deepening process will involve the removal of 600,000,000 cubic metres of rock.

Next comes the enlarging of Hussein Basin, at Port Said, to berth an additional eighteen ships; and, finally, enlarging of the deep-water anchorage at Ismailia.

All this is planned by an international company, despite the fact that the Canal is to become Egyptian property in 1966. This being so, it may seem fair, even enlightened, treatment by the Company; but the Egyptians don't agree. Three generations of Egyptians have complained that Western capitalism, and not Egypt, has profited by the Canal. Many Egyptians have gone so far as to say that the Canal has proved a curse. Curse or not, the present Egyptian intention is to cash in before 1966.

It is proposed to do so by means of a new company law which makes it obligatory for 40 per cent. of directors to be Egyptian subjects. As constituted, the Suez Canal has thirty-two administrators, the majority of them French and British, though Dutchmen and one American are also among them, and the Egyptian proposal would give the Company thirteen Egyptian directors.

The opposing contention is that the Company is a French corporation, running an international service, and not subject to Egyptian company law. But it is believed that the four Westerners would be willing to abide by the decision of the International Court at The Hague.

How blithe the tale if one could continue in like vein! But the Tents of Israel have advanced to Sinai, and the Suez reappears in its other role—as hornets' nest.

The one hope I can see of weaving through the tangle is to make a triple approach. The first, commercial, is done. Leaving aside the destination of the golden tolls, which raises a separate issue, the Canal is a resounding success and, in a saner world, could eclipse past triumph. The second approach is military, and the third, political.

One's thoughts go back to February 2, 1915, when Djemal and Kress crossed the desert from Beersheba with 20,000 Turks, and turned back from Ismailia after suffering 1,300 casualties. The R.F.C. and a French naval air detachment had seen them coming, and Indian troops led the defence alongside a Territorial division.

No longer at call are those Indians, even as they were a second time when Rommel came far nearer to taking the Canal, although never closer to it than 200 miles. To-day there is only a handful of British troops left in Egypt which the Egyptians would "defend" by a medley of hoping to remain neutral in a conflict of long-range missiles, relying on the United Nations, and—at worst—allowing the British to re-assemble, did the Soviet threat become really close.

The small British contingent which remains by treaty right, is strewn along a 30-miles stretch of military installations located on the west bank of the Canal and Great Bitter Lake. This is called the Suez Canal Zone and its centre is Fayid, a vast desert agglomeration of canvas tents, corrugated iron huts, and streets lined with barbed wire, all built by German prisoners. An R.A.F. squadron on either side of the Canal, about Kantara, completes the British force.

Even when faced by defeat, as now; even when, one might say, kept from being invaded by Mr. Truman's long-distance prohibition uttered to Israel; even when in such straits, the Egyptian Premier persists with the demand that the last "foreign troops" shall leave. Far from invoking British military aid against aggression, as he is entitled to do, this courageous office-holder does the contrary.

There are two schools of thought as to what should be the reply.

One is "pack up." The Canal is no longer the imperative artery of Empire that once it was; rather is it become an *idée fixe*, especially since so much has been ceded east of Suez. Lieut.-General Sir F. de Guingand dubs the Canal "a dried-up road, impossible of defence." Farming in Rhodesia, Lord Montgomery's No. 2 favours an African defence area.

Similar authoritative views are that our chances of using the Suez in another war would be even dimmer than in the last, and that we should concentrate on the route round the West Coast of Africa, which twice served us so well. The advantages of the Suez route, even under the most favourable conditions, are challenged. To Sydney via Suez is 1,000 miles less than via Cape Verde—11,000 against 12,000 miles. Granted that India and Malaya are much nearer via Suez; but what if the Canal be unusable in war? Is it worth all the political complications brought about by our remaining at Suez?

Yes pronounces the opposition school which has discovered, among other things, that Cyprus has no harbours, Cyrenaica lacks water and labour, and that Benghazi is surrounded on three sides by desert, and on the fourth, by the sea; furthermore, that the proposed substitute East African bases are too small to relay armies, and that this region can never be used for more than a great store-house and training area.

There is no real substitute for Egypt's magnificent harbours and installations, its workshops (and workmen), and Egypt's commanding position requires that the "brain" of Middle East defence should be lodged on Egyptian soil. Nor is it just a matter of Middle East defence: whoever controls the Mediterranean controls Europe, and if a hostile giant were admitted in command of even one end of that sea, Europe would be in jeopardy.

That sets the stage for the third, political, consideration.

The social revolution has reached the Middle East. From the days of Peter the Great the masses of Muscovy have endeavoured to reach out from their frozen north and attain the warm waters of the Mediterranean. Held up at the Dardanelles, is the attempt now being made lower down through the new State of Israel?

Arabs and British agree on one thing—any invasion of the Middle East will take at first an ideological form. The Arabs see it as the advance of Communism against the "middle way" that Britain is trying to preserve in Western Europe, and with which the Arab States officially associate themselves—or have done up till now. The point is: will they go on doing so? May they, who have so much to give, cut in on Israel and side with Moscow?

It is undeniable that Communism is advancing in the Middle East like an incoming tide, gaining most where poverty and miserable economic conditions prevail. What price Egypt as fomenting ground? It is poor. It also has 80,000 Jews, the second largest Jewish community in the Arab lands.

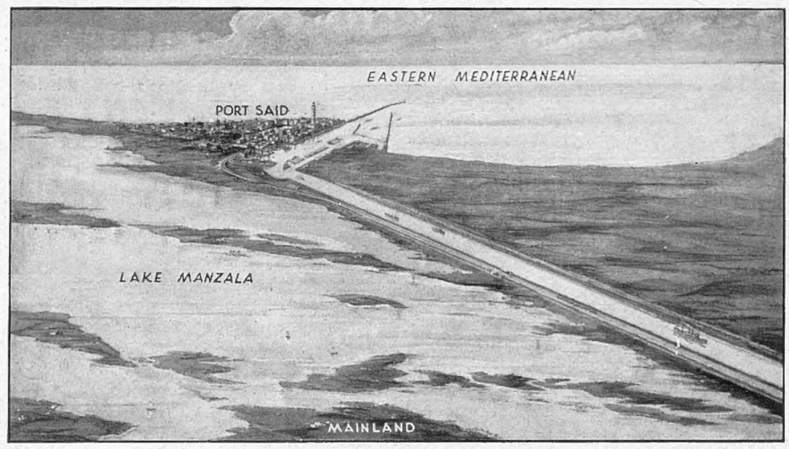
Instinctively our eyes turn to Washington, and particularly to the remarkable little fighter at the White House, who has so identified himself, personally, with what is inside the Tents of Israel. Is it Moscow Communism? Or will the flushed Israeli battlers be attracted to their powerful brethren of race in the United States? What if many of these American Jews lean to Moscow, too?

The question has to be asked—there is altogether too much dodging of the international Jewry issue just because Hitler damned it. Our preservation may quite well be wrapped up with it. As for being scorned as "anti-Semitic" for writing so, I never heard such rubbish, and many a Jew would agree with me!

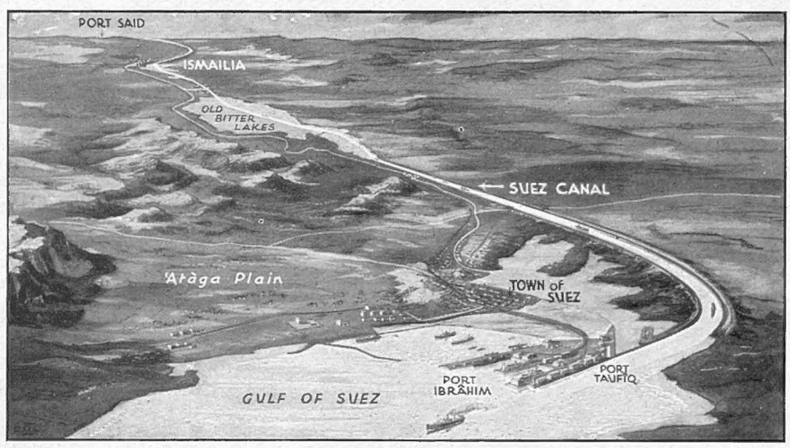
Far better to tell President Truman, whether he likes to hear it or not, that war can be just as cold on the edge of Sinai as in the Potsdammerplatz. It is high time the President ceased playing home politics with this gigantic matter, every bit as pregnant to his country as the defence of the Panama Canal. He may hope to keep the Israeli forces from being too obvious standard-bearers of Communism by threatening to remove recognition and to withhold loans—but how long is that kind of medicine likely to be efficacious in this profound world conflict between too methods of living?

The Americans are getting tired of being expected to hand out money and aid right and left, and now they are being told that the only way to keep Russia at arm's length from the Suez Canal is to alleviate distress in Egypt and the Arab lands and offer an entirely new prospect for a future. There is, of course, the consolation that so doing would help keep the great oil reserves from falling under Soviet sway. Still, the constant demand "American help needed or else—" must be as vexing as it no doubt is perplexing.

And yet, what else can one say, other than that in the absence of a concerted policy on the part of the Atlantic Alliance to the Middle East and its Suez hub, this whole vital region risks progressively becoming a second "China," and that one man holds the key to such policy?



THE MEDITERRANEAN END OF THE SUEZ CANAL: Four separate projects, brought forward by the controlling company in Paris, are in train to help make the passage of the Canal speedier and safer. The whole Canal is to be deepened by more than 1 ft. to facilitate the steering of laden vessels, particularly benzine tankers



THE SOUTHERN END OF THE CANAL: Under the Suez improvement scheme seven miles of the channel north of Ismailia is to be duplicated in order to allow northbound and southbound convoys to pass. At the moment dual passage is only possible at the Bitter Lakes—*Drawings by E. G. Lambert*

GARRY DAVIS (SELF-STYLED WORLD CITIZEN NO. 1) MAKES HIS PRESENCE FELT IN BERLIN : Dettmer H. Otto (left) speaking to an audience of 2,000 Berliners at the Taberne Academica in the British Sector where he outlined the aims of the World Citizen movement which has been started in Germany following the success of Garry Davis's efforts in Paris. There are now 120 members in Berlin, mainly journalists and employees of Rias, the American-licensed radio organisation, and they are hoping to start their own newspaper

PARADE OF THE WORLD CITIZENS : Members of the new movement demonstrating in Berlin's Kurfurstendam in an effort to obtain new members for an organisation which is said to be making rapid strides. The posters read: "Become a World Citizen for the World Peace," "Day before yesterday 1,000; day after to-morrow 100,000"; and "Without fear everywhere in the world." Berliners started the movement when they heard of the success of Garry Davis's Christmas gathering in Paris, where 20,000 people flocked to hear the views on world citizenship of the "ex-American" who tore up his passport and parked himself at the Palais de Chaillot, headquarters of the United Nations

BERLIN'S "BORDER BLACK MARKET" STILL FLOURISHES : Traders offering their wares in the Potsdamer Strasse, at the junction of the British, Russian and American sectors, where chocolates, cigarettes and nylons are openly offered to pedestrians as they pass by, despite the fact that the police continue to make raids

1949 IN THE "AIR-LIFT" CITY

Aspects of Life in Berlin in the Midst of a Hard Winter

Professor Reuter, chief Burgomaster of Berlin, received a flood of New Year telegrams in this "Berlin's time of trial," as Western Berlin faced a cold New Year with lack of fuel and light. There was no lack of determination on the part of her citizens, however, and the Communist attempt to exploit the discomfort of those living in the Western sectors, by painting bright pictures of the warmth and plenty which fellow-Berliners enjoy in the Eastern sector, is not only resented but is proving bad propaganda. There has been striking support for Garry Davis's World Citizenship movement, and this is hardly surprising. It is expected that the newly-formed organisation will go ahead rapidly, sponsored, as it is, by journalists and radio broadcasters with the means of publicity readily at their disposal.

ON THE WANTED LIST OF BERLIN'S RUSSIAN-SPONSORED POLICE : This is Christina Ohlsen, the most popular entertainer on Rias, the U.S.-sponsored radio station. Calling herself "Newsbabe," Christina gives out over the air her own scathing brand of newspaper headlines, generally getting at German Communists and their Russian bosses. A Rias reporter, arrested recently in Berlin, was grilled about Christina, and the Russians told him that they intended to catch up with her. Christina Ohlsen was born twenty-five years ago at Goerlitz in Silesia

MAX REINMANN MAKES A POINT : The chairman of Western Germany's Communist Party addressing a recent meeting at Frankfort-on-Main. A new Communist newspaper—*Freies Volk*—made its first appearance in Western Germany with the New Year. It succeeds *Freiheit*, the former official organ of the party, which was banned because of a breach of regulations

ISRAELI TROOPS PRESS THE EGYPTIANS

The Battle for the Negeb and the Drive Towards the Egyptian Border

AN ISRAELI COMMANDO UNIT IS BRIEFED BEFORE BATTLE—TWO ACTION PICTURES FROM THE NEGEB, WHERE IN SEVEN DAYS OF CONSIDERABLE FIGHTING THE EGYPTIAN ARMY, CENTRED ON GAZA, WAS PRESSED SEVERELY: *Left*—Commandos in consultation before an attack. *Right*—An officer, using the sand to make a diagram, outlines the plan of attack to his men. So successful were the Commandos that they completely routed the Brigade Group which formed the right flank of the Egyptian Army. They even made raids across the border into the Sinai Peninsula on Egyptian terrain, getting, it is said, halfway to Suez

At the turn of the year the main body of the Egyptian Army invading Palestine—about 6,000 strong—was compressed in the Gaza area, and Israeli units were threatening it strongly on the flank. Israel's aggressive policy has been highly successful, almost too successful at times, because their units are said to have pushed across the Egyptian frontier, and there have been fears that Egypt might choose to invoke the military clauses of the Anglo-Egyptian Treaty. The Israeli troops have waged war in the Negeb in difficult conditions, and their aggressive policy would appear to have paid dividends. They have flouted the Security Council of the United Nations, however, despite the fact that as early as last November the Council threatened both sides with the sanctions chapter of the Charter if they did not withdraw

LIGHT ARMOURED UNITS AND LIGHT ARTILLERY GO INTO ACTION IN THE NEGEB: *Left*—A column of half-track vehicles of the Israeli Army advancing across the sandy wastes. Heavy rains have made the Negeb generally impassable to wheeled traffic, but these light armoured units have moved with their usual speed and dash. The men know the terrain well, many of them having spent months in the Negeb on "Settlement Defence Duty." *Right*—Israeli guns bombarding Egyptian positions during a sandstorm. This picture was taken near el Auja, one of the points at which troops crossed the Egyptian border

ADVANCING THROUGH A SEA OF MUD: An Israeli column, with a bulldozer in the van, operating in the Negeb during the spectacular advance at the turn of the year. As a result of this lightning campaign, an Israeli spokesman has declared, "Much has been done to destroy the Egyptian Army's ability to wage effective war in Palestine. Hundreds of prisoners, including many officers, have been taken, and captured stores include petrol and oil stocks"

DUTCH MOTORISED FORCES PASSING THROUGH THE VILLAGE OF LOEBOEK SELASSEH, SUMATRA: A column of artillery in convoy. As they forged inland the Dutch met with little opposition. In Java they achieved surprise, and in Sumatra all landings were virtually unopposed

WITH THE DUTCH TROOPS IN SUMATRA

Their Advance Against an Enemy Who Faded Out Before Them

A BULLDOZER CLEARS A ROAD BLOCK: Dutch troops advancing behind their most useful weapon. The retreating Sumatran Republicans felled many trees in the path of the Dutch

News reports from Indonesia have been markedly conflicting, particularly as regards the nature of the Republican opposition, but one thing remains certain:—The Dutch, by highly co-ordinated and speedy action, have had their own way, presenting the world with a *fait accompli* very much in the manner of the Israeli troops in the Negeb. At the time of writing, fighting in Java and Sumatra is practically ended, and the much-vaunted resistance movement has yet to manifest itself. The Dutch now seek to create a United States of Indonesia according to their own pattern.

CROSSING A BRIDGE AND ENTERING A TOWN IN SUMATRA: Two further pictures showing the cautious advance of the Dutch against an almost non-existent enemy. The bridge (*on left*) was only partially destroyed by the retreating Republicans. *Right*—Entering a town with fixed bayonets. An infantry section giving an example of all-round observation and alertness in copy-book style. All fighting in Sumatra is reported to be drawing to a close

THE 200TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE "BERLINGSKE TIDENDE," OLDEST NEWSPAPER IN DENMARK: Citizens of Copenhagen watching an eighteenth-century mail coach leaving the offices of the paper for the Royal Palace, where a special anniversary edition was presented to King Frederik. Special editions were also distributed to other leaders in Danish national life

A Survey of the Foreign News

FROM COPENHAGEN TO TOKYO

THE BUGLER ON A WHITE HORSE PRECEDED THE MAIL COACH: In the early hours of the morning he rode through the streets of Copenhagen as the 200th anniversary edition of the "Berlingske Tidende" was taken from the printing office to the Royal Palace. The anniversary of this great independent newspaper, which did not stop publication either for Hitler or Napoleon, is of special interest in that it is still owned by the founder's family and has been published uninterruptedly. Established in 1749 by Ernst Heinrich Berling as an offshoot of a book-printing business, it aimed at catering primarily for the Copenhagen commercial community, and originally the circulation was little more than 2,000. Its circulation is now 193,000

MUCH SUSPICION AND VERY LITTLE EVIDENCE: Mr. W. A. Arnold, Attorney-General for Guernsey, arriving at the court for the tribunal of inquiry into allegations of bribery against certain Civil Servants in the island. There was a big surprise on the opening day when Mr. R. G. Luxon, a delegate to the Guernsey States, withdrew many of his allegations, stating that he did not question the integrity of present members of the Civil Service. As his information concerned former members of the Civil Service, now dead, it would be unfair to persist in it, he declared. The only other witness was Deputy Bartlett, merchant, who said that for many years he had been suspicious of bribery in the Guernsey institutions because he had seldom obtained an order when tendering

SCENE OF THE GUERNSEY INQUIRY: The courtroom where the tribunal opened recently. After the Attorney-General's speech and the withdrawal of allegations by Mr. R. G. Luxon, the tribunal was adjourned sine die on the suggestion of the Attorney-General so that further inquiries might be made

GORDON HIGHLANDERS ARE SHOWN ROUND A 45-TON INFANTRY SUPPORT TANK OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY: The men of the Gordons were on a visit to the 28th Infantry Regiment, U.S. Army, at Bemberg, under a training scheme in the British and American Zones of Germany, whereby members of the armies of occupation exchange military information

FURTHER TIDINGS OF EMANCIPATION IN THE WORLD OF CRICKET: Miss Ray Hubner in the scorers' box at Newlands, near Cape Town, where she was one of the official scorers in the third Test Match which began on New Year's Day. She is the first woman ever to be appointed a Test scorer in South Africa

RITA HAYWORTH IN SWITZERLAND : The American film-star, who sacrifices a salary of £1,500 a week while she is on holiday, seen outside her hotel at Murren followed by her daughter, Rebecca Welles, in charge of a nurse. Miss Hayworth arrived in company with the Aly Khan, and, on hearing that they were coming, Princess Aly Khan, who was also holidaying at Murren, left at once for London. Miss Hayworth's divorce from her second husband, Orson Welles, has lately been made final

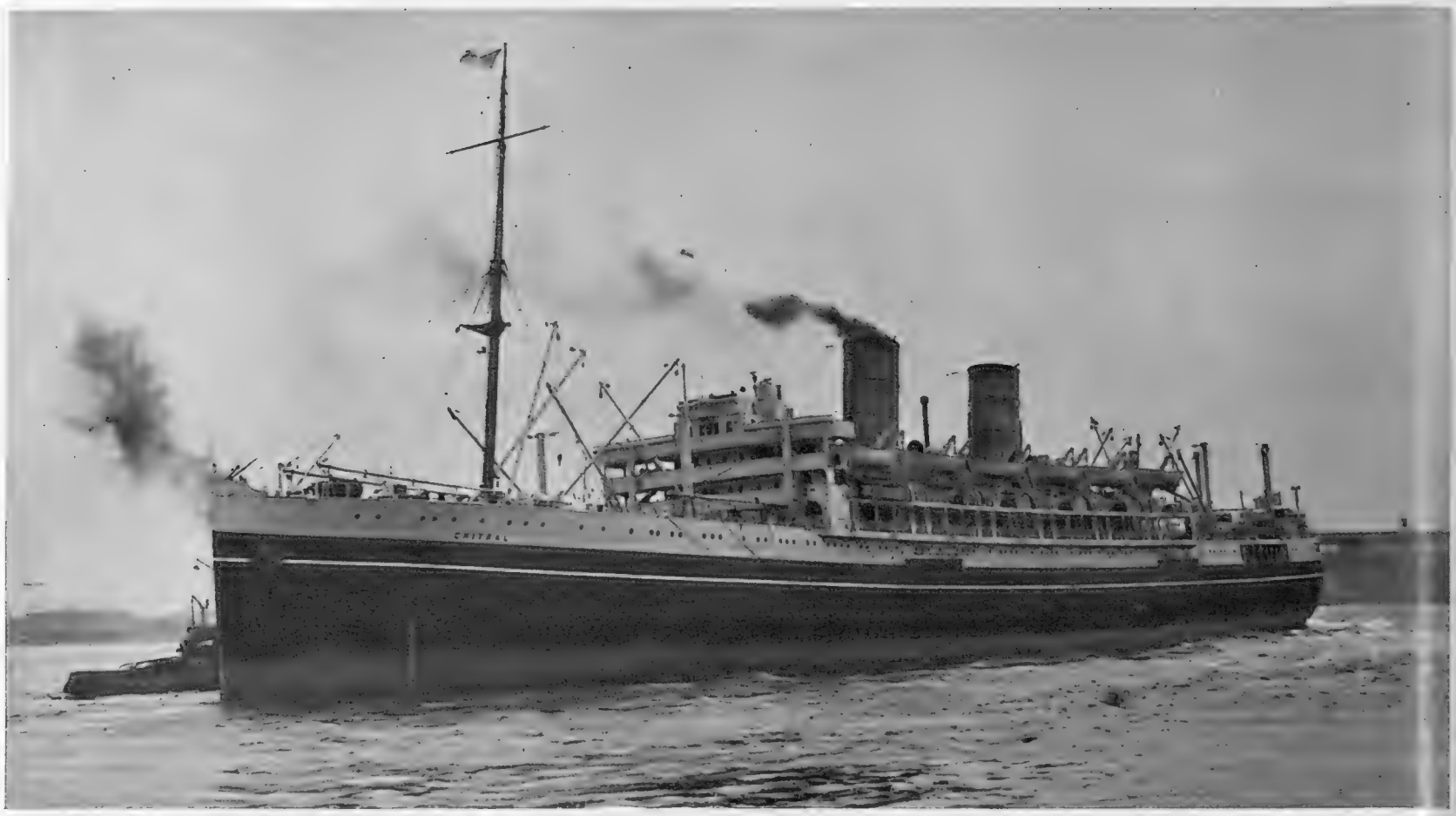
MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL AGAIN VISITS THE SOUTH OF FRANCE : Mr. and Mrs. Churchill, Miss Sarah Churchill and the Duke of Westminster arriving at the Hotel de Paris in Monte Carlo. During their visit they have been the guests of the Duke and Duchess of Windsor at the Chateau de Croe, Antibes. Mr. Churchill, who is the guest of *Life* and the *New York Times*, has been continuing work on his war memoirs while in France

THE BOUNTY OF THE KU KLUX KLAN : Members of the Augusta Klavern of the secret society wearing their hoods and robes as they gave a food parcel to a needy Negro during a round of Christmas-tide well-doing. A spokesman of the Klan declared: "We distributed to whites and Negroes indiscriminately." At Talladega, Alabama, there were further examples of Ku Klux Klan munificence, and it was there that a white-hooded delegation presented a radio to 107-year-old Negro Jack Riddle, and his wife. Samuel Green, head of the Klan, explained that this demonstrated the "heart of a Klansman"

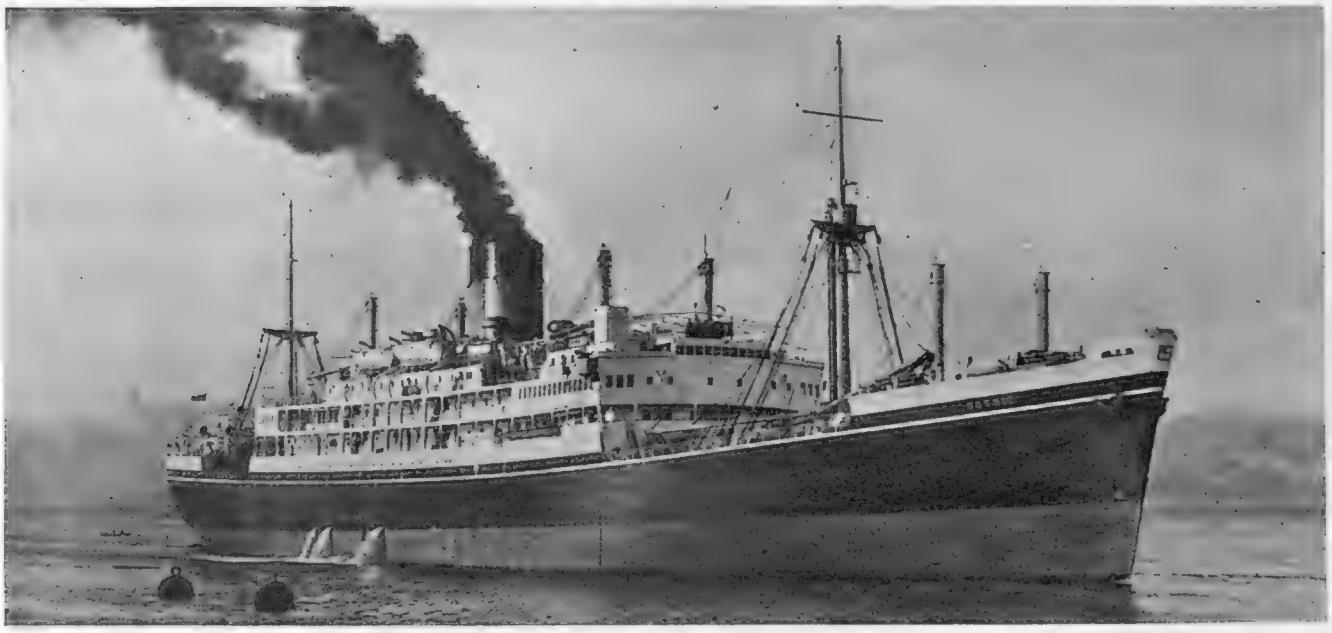
THE START OF AUSTRALIA'S OCEAN YACHT RACE : Fine weather and a stiff north-easterly breeze helped the eighteen contestants to a good start as they left Sydney in the fourth Annual Ocean Race to Hobart, Tasmania. Other craft in Sydney Harbour gave the contestants a rousing send-off as, with white wings spread, they headed for the sea and 680 miles of blue water

TO HELP MAKE THE JAPANESE RURAL POLICE FORCE MORE MOBILE : This operations bus, equipped with photo laboratory, public-address system, short-wave receiver, look-out tower and searchlights, has been given by the Americans to the Tokyo headquarters of the recently established National Rural Police

MOURNING FOR TOJO : Katsuke Tōjo (right), wife of Japan's wartime Premier (General Hideki Tojo), and his daughter Machie, burning incense at the family altar after hearing that Tojo had been executed. A crepe-hung photograph of the leader, showing him in his days of power, was placed above the altar



THE S.S. "CHITRAL" CONTINUES HER INTERRUPTED CAREER : The 15,000-ton P. & O. liner has completed her reconversion from a troopship and has now left the Port of London en route to Australia with emigrants. A vast fleet of liners is now engaged in taking emigrants to Australia. During the present year there will be sufficient British shipping available to take 72,000 settlers to Australia



THE TYNE'S LARGEST POST-WAR SHIP : The 15,700-ton passenger-cargo liner "Gothic" seen leaving South Shields at the start of her acceptance trials. She has been built by Swan Hunter's at Wallsend for Messrs. Shaw, Savill and Albion. She recently left Liverpool for Australia via the Cape on her maiden voyage and is expected to arrive in Australia on January 21. "Gothic" is a sister-ship of the "Ceramic," and she will be employed on the England—Australia—New Zealand run

NEWS OF THE MERCHANT FLEETS

The Australian Immigrant Trade : Wrecks off the Scottish Coast

TO CARRY OIL AND MOLASSES—THE 15,300-TON DUAL-PURPOSE TANKER "ATHELLAIRD" : She was launched at the beginning of the year for the Athel Line by Cammell Laird's of Birkenhead. Her maiden voyage from Liverpool to the Middle East will take place some time in April. The "Athellaird" is powered by four-cylinder Doxford internal combustion engines and will have a speed of approximately 7 knots. There are to be four ships in this class

A COMPLETELY FITTED-OUT SHIP IS LAUNCHED FROM A GLASGOW YARD : The twin-screw motor-driven cargo vessel "Rupertsland" (of 650 tons gross) seen after being launched from the Clydeside yards of the Fairfield Shipbuilding and Engineering Company at Govan. She has been built to the order of the Hudson's Bay Company for their Hudson Bay supply service

SAFE AND SOUND IN DEEP WATER—THE 7,178-TON CARGO STEAMER "ALCYONE FORTUNE" IN CHARGE OF A TUG AFTER BEING RESCUED FROM A SANDBANK OFF SHEEP ISLAND, MULL OF KINTYRE, WHERE SHE WENT AGROUND ON CHRISTMAS NIGHT: The "Alcyone Fortune" was refloated in a blizzard at high tide, being hauled off the rocks without mishap and taken by tug to Campbeltown Loch. Mohammed Huzam, the eleven-year-old Arab stowaway who was brought off the "Alcyone Fortune" when the crew was rescued, is to be returned to his home in Aden. Several Glasgow families had offered to adopt him

AFTER THE CREW HAD BEEN RESCUED—THE FLEETWOOD TRAWLER "BRIDESMAID" AGROUND OFF THE COAST OF JURA, NEAR PORT ASKAIG: Just as the Islay lifeboat drew alongside, the "Bridesmaid" heeled over, and nine of the crew had to jump for their lives. The incident occurred on the second of two trips which the lifeboat made to save the crew of eighteen of the trawler. The skipper received severe injuries to his feet and was taken to hospital

WINTER COMES TO DEESIDE

BALMORAL UNDER A MANTLE OF SNOW: The castle and grounds of the Royal home on Deeside as they appeared after a recent fall. Rising steeply in the background is the 3,000-ft. Culandoch, "backdrop" in this romantic and typically Scottish setting. *Below*—The Dee at Cambus O'May, near Ballater, with a heavy covering of ice over the margins of the river. The beautiful woods of pine, larch and birch stand out in bold contrast to the whiteness of the mountains beyond

OUT ON THE NURSERY SLOPES AT WENGEN, WHERE WINTER SPORTS ENTHUSIASTS HAVE BEEN BEGINNING TO GATHER: Practising ski-ing in the light snow and in bright sunshine. On January 1 a warm Föhn-wind gale, the fiercest since 1919, swept large areas of Switzerland, uprooting hundreds of trees and carrying away many roofs. Violent rainfall followed, and then came heavy snow which was reported to be falling throughout the country. At St. Moritz, capital of winter sport, the town band came out to celebrate the first heavy fall of snow this winter, and in every resort there were broad smiles as the winter sports season showed signs of getting under way. Wengen, at a height of 4,190 ft., remains one of the chief tourist resorts of the Bernese Oberland. It stands at the foot of the precipitous Tschuggen

SWITZERLAND: THE FIRST SNOW

And the First Visitors of the Season at Wengen

THE VETERANS STAYED AT HOME AND YOUTH SET OUT FOR THE MOUNTAINS: *Left*—The animated scene at Wengen Station after the first heavy falls of snow as skiers were about to board the mountain railway train en route for the higher slopes of the Bernese Oberland. *Right*—Curlers in action on one of the rinks at Wengen. The "roaring game of curling," as it is sometimes called, was peculiar to Scotland until the eighteenth century, when it was introduced into Canada by the Scottish regiments. It has for long held an honoured place among older visitors to the winter sports in Switzerland

WORCESTER IN THE GRIP OF THE SEVERN FLOODS: An aerial view of the west side of the city showing the county cricket ground submerged by the rising waters. This was the second time within a few weeks that the Severn had overflowed its banks at Worcester. The racecourse was a lake and swans were swimming on the cricket ground. The river was 9 ft. above normal and was reported to be rising half an inch an hour. At two points the Worcester-Hereford road was impassable

THE THAMES BURSTS ITS BANKS AT WARGRAVE: Inundated houses at a bend of the river which rose rapidly after the heavy rain. At neighbouring Windsor the river flooded the promenade. Although nearly every weir was fully drawn in order to get rid of the floodwater, the river still continued to rise, and last week hundreds of low-lying acres were submerged

THE THAMES AND SEVERN FLOODS

Two Great Rivers Burst Their Banks: Snow in the South-West

The New Year was ushered in with snow and floods, the latter resulting from torrential rain over a wide area, and many rivers in England and Wales burst their banks, notably the Thames and Severn. Worcester, as ever, was one of the weak spots along the course of the Severn, but at the time of writing the city has so far escaped the ordeal of January 1948. In the first week of January an ice-belt 100 miles wide stretched across the country from the Wash to the coast of Wales. Devon had its first snow when there was a slight fall at Princeton

THE SEVERN SPREADS FAR AND WIDE ACROSS THE COUNTRYSIDE: A scene in the Worcester area showing floodwaters of the Severn and, in the foreground, the Teme, its tributary, also overflowing its banks. To Worcester people these floods are regarded as a hardy annual, and in January 1948 conditions were even more serious than they were in the first week of January 1949, the river being 14 ft. above normal and several streets of houses being marooned. Another great river in the West Country to rise spectacularly last week was the Wye, which reached a peak of 15 ft. above normal at Hereford

THE RIVER ROTHER IN SPATE: Only a waterlogged embankment separated the moat of Bodiam Castle, near Hastings, from the floodwaters of this East Sussex river. The true course of the Rother is shown by the dark, roughly parallel lines

WINTER SPORT IN DEVON: Young tobogganists in the main street of the little Dartmoor hamlet of Clearbrook. This was Devon's first fall of snow this winter. The Peak District had by far the heaviest snowfall

KINGS IN EXILE

The Duke of Windsor and Leopold of the Belgians on the Riviera

THE DUCHESS OF WINDSOR IN MONTE CARLO : The Duchess, accompanied by a friend, taking a morning stroll during a visit to Monaco. The Duke and Duchess are entertaining on a considerable scale at their home, the Château de la Croe, near Antibes. At a recent party their guests included King Leopold of the Belgians and his wife, the Princess de Rethy, King Michael of Rumania and his wife, the Duke and Duchess of Westminster, Mr. Winston Churchill, Mrs. Churchill, and their daughter Sarah

BY BOAT TO THE NEXT GREEN : The Duke of Windsor and King Leopold with their party on the links at Mandelieu, near Cannes. Standing just behind King Leopold, and wearing a striped jersey, is Count D'Arcangues. Wearing dark glasses is Princess Josephine Charlotte, now aged twenty-one, daughter of King Leopold. Whenever King Leopold goes golfing he has a bodyguard of at least four men

ON THE LINKS AT MANDELIEU : The Princess de Rethy (wife of King Leopold of the Belgians), the Duke of Windsor, and King Leopold walking towards one of the greens when they took part in the New Year's Day tournament at Cannes. The Duke of Windsor sported a new style in check trousers

KING LEOPOLD AND THE DUKE OF WINDSOR ON THE LINKS : Of the two Royal players, King Leopold is described as the better golfer. He takes the game seriously, and has won tournaments in the south of France. His wife, Princess de Rethy, has learnt golf under King Leopold's guidance

SETTING OUT FOR SANDRINGHAM: Prince Charles of Edinburgh, in the arms of his mother, Princess Elizabeth, leaving Buckingham Palace for Sandringham. Driving the big black saloon (H.R.H.1), a wedding present from the R.A.F., was the Duke of Edinburgh, and Princess Margaret sat beside him.

On left — **The Princess waving to the throng outside the Palace. With her was Miss Helen Lightbody, who took over as nannie when the Prince was a fortnight old. Behind the Royal car was a police car, and behind that a brake with suitcases and other luggage**

PRINCE CHARLES DRIVES TO NORFOLK

With His Father at the Wheel

MAPPING LONDON FROM THE AIR

THE R.A.F. AIDS THE NEW ORDNANCE SURVEY

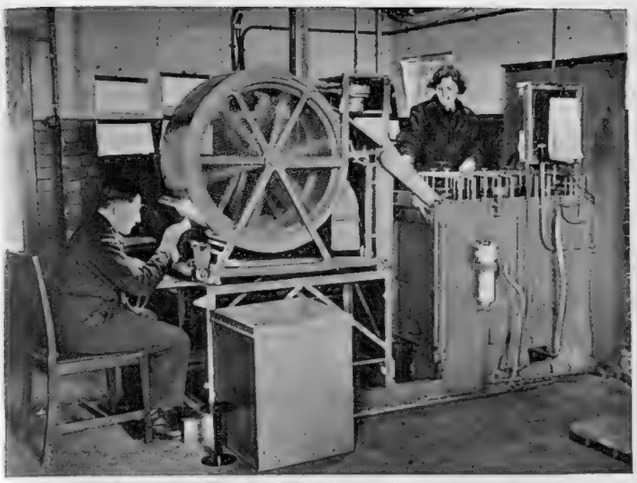
BRIEFING PILOTS FOR A COMPLETE SPLIT COVER OF THE BRITISH ISLES AT A SCALE OF 1 IN 10,000: The scene, reminiscent of wartime photographs, was in the Briefing Room before crews set out on the preparation of a new series of Ordnance Survey maps

Photographic reconnaissance, which provided most of the information for operational planning during the war, is now being employed for peacetime planning. The whole of England is being photographed at a scale of 1/10,000 to produce a vast land utilisation map which will be used by the planners to ensure that the 4,000,000 new houses, required during the next ten years, will be built on land that the community as a whole can afford to lose. The preparation of this map will employ ten men, working for a year. The last map of the same kind took eight years and thousands of part-time helpers to make. Aerial photography has also been used to assist the groundnut planners and the resettlement of the tribes from areas now under cultivation.

LOADING A LONG-FOCUS CAMERA INTO AN AIR SURVEY AVRO ANSON: The cabin of the Anson allows ample space for the photographic equipment. This picture was taken at the R.A.F. Central Photographic Establishment at Benson, near Oxford

AN R.A.F. CAMERA REPAIR SECTION: Airmen are testing a F.52 20-in. lens with the aid of a focus-testing collimator. Repair work is carried on continuously

A DE HAVILLAND MOSQUITO DISPLAYS ITS CAMERA PORTS: The Mosquito has many duties in the R.A.F., being used as bomber, fighter-bomber, night-fighter and for photographic reconnaissance as in the above picture. Photographs are taken to a rigid specification for fore and aft and lateral overlaps



IN THE PROCESSING DEPARTMENT: A continuous processing machine is used for developing. The negatives are developed, fixed, washed and dried at a rate of 4 ft. per minute. A 500-ft. length of exposed film is completely processed in 1 hour 40 mins.

AIR SURVEY FILMS IN THE PRINTING DEPARTMENT: The multi-printer automatically prints and dries. As the finished print comes through on an endless strip, it is guillotined and stacked

THE INTERIOR OF AN AVRO ANSON OF 58 SQUADRON OF THE PHOTOGRAPHIC RECONNAISSANCE DEPOT, EQUIPPED FOR A PHOTOGRAPHIC SURVEY: The three-camera installation is on the starboard side of the aircraft. In the background can be seen the pilot and navigator. The cabin of the Avro Anson, still primarily used as a trainer, is 4 ft. 6 ins. wide

READY TO LOAD UP: Six airmen prepare the cameras for installation in a De Havilland Mosquito at the R.A.F. Central Photographic Establishment at Benson, Oxford. The size of the cameras can be gauged by comparing them with the men. At the top left corner of the picture can be seen a camera in position in a drop-tank beside the starboard engine. Last month officers of the R.A.F. visited Eire to assist the Irish Army in a general and photographic survey of the coastal areas and to assist in the training of officers and men in the latest surveying methods. They went at the request of the Government of Eire

THE WEEK IN LONDON

A Record of Events at Home at the Start of the Year

THE RETURN OF MAGNA CHARTA: The celebrated Charta—the final amended version of 1225 on which the rights of Englishmen are based—known as the Lacock Abbey Copy—is now on show at the British Museum. It has just been returned from the United States, where for the past two years it has been on show in the Congress Museum, Washington. A special Act of Parliament was passed in 1946 to allow it to leave the country—and while away it was insured for £50,000. The manuscript was brought ashore at Liverpool by Mr. A. J. Collins, Keeper of Manuscripts at the British Museum, who went to America recently to make arrangements for its transport home

A NEW ALTAR FRONTAL FOR WESTMINSTER ABBEY: A rich drapery bearing nine figures associated with the Holy Cross. At Michaelmas 1940 a heavy blitz took place. Fortunately the main structure of the Abbey escaped injury, but masses of glass were smashed and the choir was rendered unusable for many weeks. The services were for the time being transferred to the nave, and a temporary altar was hastily erected on the site of the mediæval altar of the Holy Cross. It was universally felt to be a great improvement, and accordingly the Dean and Chapter decided to make it permanent. In due course the altar received from the Dean the ancient title of dedication. During the last few years this altar has received some notable gifts for its ornamentation, the last of which was dedicated a few days ago. It consists of a magnificent frontal for use on festal occasions. It is made of rich mohair damask woven at Perth, probably about a century ago. The feature of this frontal are nine figures, beautifully embroidered in gold, all of them being associated with the Holy Cross

THE EXPLOIT OF WILLIAM PAINTER: The exuberant plumber from Plumstead declaiming from the wings of Eros during his half-hour above the roar of Piccadilly's traffic. When finally brought to earth by the police, Painter was charged with being drunk and disorderly

The L.C.C. is responsible for maintaining the statue of Eros, the Greek god of love, under the Shaftesbury bequest, and its representatives were on the spot in quick time after it became known that a man had climbed the statue and was frolicking at the summit. The man in question, William Painter, of Plumstead, remained on Eros for half-an-hour, shouting and gesticulating the while. Finally a fire tender arrived and Painter was pulled down by the legs. A policeman who tried to persuade Painter to come down, saw the statue rocking dangerously.

ASSESSING THE DAMAGE TO EROS: An official of the Westminster City Council Architect's Department climbing to the summit of the statue to inspect it after William Painter had been persuaded to come down. The official spent about fifteen minutes carefully going over the statue, from the tip of Eros's toes to the top of his head. He discovered that the string of the bow had been snapped and the top of the bow bent

HANDING-OVER DAY AT THE R.A.: For forty-three years Mr. Ernest V. Wright (left) has been working at Burlington House, Piccadilly. He is now retiring with the longest record of service there of any Royal Academy librarian—twenty-eight years. Although the library is only open during university term time, Mr. Wright was often there at other times. His successor is S. C. Hutchison (right)

THE BURMESE COLONY IN LONDON CELEBRATES THE FIRST ANNIVERSARY OF BURMA'S INDEPENDENCE DAY: Clad in their picturesque national costume, these Burmese ladies bowed to the new flag before entering the Embassy to take part in a commemorative service. Tea was served and the Chargé d'Affaires, Mr. U. Soe Nyun, made a speech in which he paid tribute to those who died in the struggle for Burma's independence

A NEW TRAINING GADGET FOR FOOTBALLERS: By means of remote-control telesonic equipment an instructor is able to coach his men during play. Each member of the team has a light harness carrying a head-piece receiver. Communication is made between the touch-line microphone and the player by way of an aerial of copper braid laid across the field and pinned down close to the ground. A volume control on the player's earphone can be adjusted to suit the player's hearing and also the trainer's strength of voice

CLEARING A DANGEROUS TREE FROM REGENT'S PARK: In order to keep the park in a safe condition trees have to be felled regularly. In this picture a part of one of the trees on Primrose Hill is being hauled away for disposal by a Fordson tractor

JUST OUT! Leslie Fitch, now a fully-fledged printer, seated in the roadway after being "banged out" at the Dorset Rise works of the Co-operative Printing Society. Liberal helpings of French chalk, paste and printer's ink entirely failed to take the grin off his face

CALIFORNIA, HERE I COME! Mr. Leslie Fitch, of Mitcham, ex-Navy man and printer's apprentice, standing in the composing-room a few moments before he was the central figure in the traditional ceremony of "banging out," marking his emergence as a fully-fledged compositor. Other apprentices smeared him with ink and French chalk, and he was then carried round the six floors of the Co-operative Printing Society's works at Dorset Rise. On the stroke of twelve he received his indentures. "Banging out" is a time-honoured ceremony in the printing trade. The newly-fledged printer receives the rest of the day off after his ordeal, and it is usual for him to entertain members of his family at the theatre. Worse things than "banging out" may befall the cocksure young printer if he oversteps the mark during the course of his apprenticeship

THEY ARE MIGHTY TOUGH IN THE SOUTH-EAST: Mr. Ross Hancock, manager of the newly-decorated Rialto Cinema, Bermondsey, unlacing boxing-gloves from the hands of Benny Bouch, aged eight, at the cinema box-office. Mr. Hancock, for the protection of his cinema and his clientele, has put up a notice: "Park your guns, bowie knives, sheriff's whistles here," and, at his Saturday performances, he invariably has a long queue of young depositors

AN AMATEUR DIRT-TRACK MEETING IN EUSTON SQUARE GARDENS: The "West End Wanderers," a team of young speedway enthusiasts from St. Pancras, met representatives of other London boroughs in contests which they arranged between individual riders. Several teams took part, including "The London Pirates" from Regent's Park; the "Edmonton Eagles" from Tottenham; and "Leyton Aces" from Walthamstow. Enthusiasm ran high

THE PROGRESS OF THE NEW HOUSE OF COMMONS: This picture, taken within the precincts of Parliament, shows the Chamber under construction in the shadow of Big Ben. At the moment the stairway on the right leads into thin air. Already much of the Clipsham stone facing is in place, and it is hoped that the Chamber will be finished some time in the summer of 1950

LONDON and the SCARS of WAR

Blitzed Areas that are in the News

On left—From Parliament Square it is impossible to see any of the intense building activity now proceeding at Westminster, as the New Palace Yard façade was left intact in the blitz which destroyed the House of Commons Chamber. The work, however, is going ahead fast, and piled in the courtyards are great blocks of Clipsham stone ready for handling by the masons. There does not seem to be a serious bottleneck in materials, but the shortage of skilled masons continues

THE MILLBANK CABBAGE-PATCH IS STILL THERE AFTER OVER THREE YEARS OF PEACE: Cabbages continue to grow round the main entrance to the Tate Gallery. The lawns of the Tate were dug up as a wartime measure, and for some reason unexplained they have remained in agricultural use. The Gallery, which stands on the site of Millbank Prison, had its origin in the offer to the nation by Henry Tate, the sugar refiner, of a series of fifty-seven masterpieces

ON THE SITE OF HISTORIC EBURY FARM—EBURY SQUARE, PIMLICO, WHICH MAY SHORTLY BE TAKEN OVER BY WESTMINSTER CITY COUNCIL FROM THE GROSVENOR ESTATE: Ebury Farm, which in the seventeenth century lay in the open country between London and the riverside resort of Chelsea, was the home of the celebrated Mary Davies, who in 1667 married Sir Thomas Grosvenor, third baronet. King James I originally sold the Manor of Ebury in 1623 to a predecessor in title of Mary Davies. During the past two years Ebury Square has been in the keeping of the Metropolitan Public Gardens Association

REPAIR WORK IN PROGRESS ON THE DUCHY OF CORNWALL OFFICES: Scaffolding round the upper storeys of the building in Buckingham Gate, London, S.W., which were damaged in the blitz in 1942. The temporary offices are in Upper Berkeley Street, in a house where Sir Clive Burn, Secretary and Keeper of the Records, has a flat. The bomb on Buckingham Gate destroyed many of the rare prints of the arms of the Dukes of Cornwall since Edward III created the Duchy in 1337 for his son, Edward the Black Prince

THE HOGARTH HOUSE AS IT APPEARED BEFORE IT WAS BOMBED: The Chiswick villa where the painter spent his declining years and where Mrs. Hogarth continued to live for another quarter of a century

HOGARTH'S HOUSE AT CHISWICK IN ITS PRESENT PITIFUL STATE OF DILAPIDATION: The garden front of the house with its windows boarded-up following the ravages of the blitz. At the time of writing Middlesex County Council has before it a proposal to spend £440 on temporary repairs to the house which was damaged by a bomb in 1940. For some time past the energetic Georgian Group has been pressing for action, as the house has been deteriorating rapidly, and early last year there were even rumours that a complete restoration would be carried out so that the house would appear much as it did between the years 1749 and 1764 when Hogarth called it his "little red-brick country box by the Thames." The house stands in the lane leading from the Duke's Avenue towards Chiswick Church (where Mr. and Mrs. Hogarth were buried). The Hogarth House was purchased for restoration in 1890 by Mr. Alfred Dawson, an old resident in Chiswick, and in 1901 it passed into the hands of Lieut.-Colonel Shipway, who in turn gave it into the keeping of Middlesex County Council which, since the early years of the present century, has held it in trust for the public

FOLK DANCERS FROM THE PYRENEES REHEARSE AT THE ENGLISH FOLK DANCE CENTRE IN REGENT'S PARK : The competitors from La Vallee de Campan, who came over for the Folk Dance Festival at the Albert Hall, providing a rich and varied spectacle. Organised by the English Folk Dance and Song Society, the festival was arranged for the last three days of last week. The costume of the woman on the left of the picture is one of the most striking in the Pyrenees, having a brilliantly striped woollen skirt, an apron with a cut-out waistband and embroidered pocket. The men's jackets are closely knit, with embroidered flowers, waist sashes and large berets with rush curled inside

FOLK DANCERS FROM THE PYRENEES

Gather in London for a Festival at the Albert Hall

Teams of folk dancers, from all over England and from parts of France, have been in London for an Anglo-French festival of dancing at the Royal Albert Hall. Four teams of French dancers came to this country for the occasion, and before the opening rehearsed their dances at the Cecil Sharp House in Regent's Park, where the photographs on this page were taken. For three days 300 men and women took part in jigs, hornpipes and other traditional dances of the two countries

THE HOBBY-HORSE DANCERS FROM FRANCE : Members of Le Chavalet de Montpellier team rehearse their dance. The hobby-horse has four followers carrying implements for shoeing him, whisking away flies and one who carries oats. The horse and his attendants, unlike similar teams, really go through a set dance which ends with the horse jumping over his men prostrate on the ground

A FREE PRE-VIEW FOR YOUNG ENTHUSIASTS : Two children watching the French dancers at their rehearsals at Regent's Park. Four teams of French dancers came to the Albert Hall

FOLK DANCE OF THE PYRENEES : A picturesque dance by La Vallee de Campan team. *On right* **; Members of Les Pastourelles de Campan demonstrate the pirouette from the Pyrenees during their rehearsals. This year's extension to the festival allowed the visiting French teams to present a greater number of dances**

THE THREAT TO SANDGATE

The Inroads of the Sea Have Created Cracks in the Walls of the Ancient Fortress

Sandgate Castle and, indeed, the whole Folkestone suburb of Sandgate are threatened with considerable damage. The serious condition of the Castle was discovered only a short while ago, and the recent south-westerly gales did still further damage to one of the bastions. The sea has scooped away the protective beach from the outer walls and the earth behind, and it is now undermining the Castle. There is, in fact, a hole in the walls large enough to take a London bus. Here and there appear ominous cracks.

The Castle is now owned by Mr. W. A. Workman, who lives in a house within the Castle precincts. Between the wars and before the First World War it was used by Territorial units, among them the Cinque Ports Artillery.

"DANGER, KEEP OUT": A warning notice placed at the foot of one of the bastions of Sandgate Castle, which is threatened with considerable damage, the sea having undermined it after scooping away the protective beach from the outer walls. The picture shows the walls with holes made by the sea at beach level. The Castle was erected in 1539 by Henry VIII and restored in 1806 during the time of the Napoleonic Wars, when it enjoyed a new period of usefulness as part of the defences of the South Coast

PART OF SANDGATE'S ORIGINAL WALL: The bastion built by Henry VIII in 1539. Lately the Castle has been battered by severe south-westerly gales

A YAWNING GAP: This hole in one of the walls of Sandgate Castle has been made by the eroding action of the sea. It was only recently that the true seriousness of the position was realised

NOT ONLY THE CASTLE BUT ALL SANDGATE IS THREATENED: A view of the Sandgate suburb of Folkestone which may eventually disappear into the sea unless sea defence works are carried out immediately. The gale a fortnight ago caused a great deal of damage, and a Ministry of Health inspector, after an on-the-spot examination, declared that he would try to get permission for an immediate loan for repair work. The Town Clerk of Folkestone has stated that schemes for repairs at Granville Parade, costing £12,000, and at Sea Point, costing £8,000, had been prepared before the present crisis occurred

MORE PAPER, MORE SPRUCE

Meeting the Demand for Canada's Newsprint

By CHARLES GRAVES

FOR a fortnight now every newspaper in the country has been allowed to increase its sales as much as possible until the Government decides once again to peg circulation, though this will probably not happen before the start of flat racing. Most daily newspapers have also increased their size by an extra two pages three times a week. Evening papers are entitled to a similar increase in newsprint. But this action on the part of the Government is not as generous as it might appear at first sight. The proprietors of newspapers have received two pages of elaborate precautions telling them what they may not do, such as canvassing. Nor may unused copies be returned, as before the war. Experts estimate that the present figure of 360,000 tons of newsprint consumed annually in Great Britain will ultimately be increased by only 3 per cent., another 10,800 tons. The reason they give is that now the members of the public are again able to buy any paper they like, many have abandoned the one they were reading *faut de mieux* and are taking the one which they really want, but were unable to buy, because its circulation was pegged and it could not accept any new readers.

But how do you make paper, anyway? Well, paper, of course, derives its name from papyrus, a reed to be found on the Nile, but it was not true paper as we know it to-day. The story of real paper goes back nearly 2,000 years to the reign of the Chinese Emperor Ho-Ti, when the ingenious Tsai-Lun first conceived the idea of making a sheet of paper from disintegrated fibres obtained from hemp, rags or the bark of trees. He pounded his material with a pestle in a stone mortar with water, poured the contents into a shallow bowl, set it out in the sun to dry into a coherent sheet—and there was the first sheet of paper.

The principle remains the same to-day but, of course, there are not enough rags to supply the demand for paper. Various other raw ingredients have been tried—Esparto grass, straw and bamboo are to-day used extensively in making high-grade papers (Esparto in the case of THE SPHERE), nettles, thistles, potato skins and, more recently, bracken; for the last seventy years, however, wood has become the chief ingredient, particularly for newsprint, which even before the war was manufactured and used to the tune of 7,250,000 tons a year.

The logs which provide the raw material for newsprint come from the vast forests of spruce and balsam fir in North America, Newfoundland and Scandinavia. A single English firm owns 11,000 square miles of forest in Newfoundland. Anybody who has been there will tell you that it looks dreadfully lifeless, except for the unending trees and hundreds of waterways. There is only one railway, a narrow-gauge affair which goes from St. John's to Port aux Basques, which means that one is more or less compelled to fly everywhere. Fortunately, however, the Americans erected a number of airfields, including Harmon Field. (Gander, the main airport, was built just before the war.)

In spite of, or because of, the millions of trees available, it is necessary to do a great deal of planning before any are cut. First of all comes aerial photography, with the pictures taken at an altitude of 10,000 ft. From a careful study of these, the planners in the head office select the cutting areas and the location of the woodsmen's camps. Next go special squads of experts to decide on the quality and the quantity available in selected areas. Once this has been decided, wilderness roads have to be established. These are made by bulldozers, which batter their way through the trees at the rate of a mile a week. Next come the all-important telephone wires, followed by the camps themselves. These nowadays are sectionalised jobs and after a useful life of five years are shifted to the next area which has been chosen. They are, in fact, equipped with every reasonable comfort, solidly built and well heated. A typical camp contains a dozen log huts—a mess hut, a wash-house, store huts, a kitchen hut, and finally the dormitories, with ten or twelve men in each. The food is particularly good, with a high percentage of steaks and chops. For woodsmen are skilled workers who demand a satisfactory standard of living before they will become the kind of communal hermit which the job entails.

Usually they work in pairs. The trees which they cut are sixty or seventy years old and 100 ft. high, the average diameter of the trunk being 8 ins., which means that the girth is between 2 and 3 ft. Between them they will cut three cords of wood a day, a cord being a pile of timber 8 ft. long, 4 ft. wide and 4 ft. high; the actual number of trees involved depending on their thickness. Three cords are equivalent roughly to three or four tons of finished newsprint.

When a tree has been selected they hack it deftly three or four times with an axe in order to guide its ultimate fall precisely along a predetermined line. The real cutting, however, is done with the buck-saw, because the wastage from axe-chips would be enormous. The saw is the same kind of thing to be seen in any ironmonger's shop, with a curved bow and a thin steel blade held across the two ends—a very handy tool for dealing with the comparatively small Newfoundland spruce and fir trees.

As a tree begins to fall there are cries of "Tim . . . ber!", which is, of course, the most exciting part of the business. But that is only the start of the job. The woodsman must now strip off the branches with his axe, cut the trunk down to the required lengths and then move the resultant logs across to his pile. It is heavy work, but the pay is good and the profit incentive makes them work very fast. Bit by bit they move down their zone, while all the time a steady border of piled logs rises on either side of the haulage trail.

Cutting begins in early spring and continues until the autumn, but it is not until winter, when a firm bed of snow is available for the haul-off that they can be moved. In summer the wilderness roads are quite impassable except on foot, thanks to the stumps and debris left by the bulldozers, but in winter the snow covers all this and, as the traffic beats them down, they become excellent roadways. Much of the work of hauling the logs is done by enormous tractors with long processions of sleds behind them, but many fine horses are still used, and it will be a long time before they are abandoned.

The object of the hauling is to get the logs down to a frozen waterway like the Humber River, where they can either be stacked on the banks or piled on the ice of the ponds and lakes. This involves an average journey of only about a mile, for Newfoundland is honeycombed with rivers and it is easy to find convenient tributaries down which the logs can run in the spring. Hauling can be a beautiful sight, under clear blue skies and over crisp, diamond-pointed snow, but when there is a blizzard—and there are several during the winter—the snow-ploughs have to be brought out.

The hauling season usually lasts 100 days and the average temperature is 20 degrees above zero Fahrenheit, though at times it drops to 20 degrees below zero. Sometimes the trails are steep and not only do chains have to be placed on the runners of the sleds, but a number of logs are towed behind as a brake.

Wood is also transported on the narrow-gauge railway; but what is still more impressive is to see one of the huge motor-lorries travelling at 40 m.p.h. with 50 tons of logs on board. These are packed in bundles, like firewood, but weigh 5 tons each.

Spring comes late in Newfoundland, usually at the end of April, but when it comes it does so almost instantaneously. The sun causes the ice to break up fast and the smallest brooks become raging torrents. This is ideal for logging, because the tree-trunks can be floated down with very little difficulty. Here and there, dams have to be built to regulate the flow of water, but this is all done before the "drive" begins. Once the thaw starts, the job of the driving crew is to keep the logs moving at all costs.

Sometimes dynamite has to be employed to clear a really bad jam, but this is very unusual. The logs "keep rolling" down the brooks and into the rivers and so eventually find their way to huge expanses of water like Lake Deer. Some, of course, are stranded, and special squads of men "sack" them on their way. Once the logs have reached comparatively still water they are collected in vast booms where they are stored until required. In some cases these booms are towed as much as 120 miles to their destination.

Huge quantities of logs, however, never leave the water at all. They are guided to the huge mill at Corner Brook, which now has a population of 25,000 people, although it was not started until after World War I.

Then at last the logs start to become paper. They swirl down apertures where they come into contact with (*a*) huge knives known as chippers which cut them to pieces in no time at all; (*b*) rapidly-revolving grindstones, and (*c*) the "digesters." These are huge vats which contain sulphurous acid solution to free the gum and the resin. After the logs, now reduced to chips three-quarters of an inch long, have been "cooked" for a suitable time they pass on to the next process. No matter how often one watches the soggy solution known as "slurry" rushing down the machine wire on which it is shaken sideways, the sense of magic remains as the web—weaker than wet blotting-paper—leaves the wire and bridges the gap to the smoothing press. The water is then drawn off and the residue, now a pulp, is squeezed and allowed to dry.

In the meantime, according to the type of paper required, further ingredients, like china clay from Cornwall, french chalk, soapstone, barium sulphate, rosin alum and various pigments, have been added. The paper, when completely dry, is now wound on to reels, and that is how you see it in the streets outside newspaper offices—huge reels of paper five miles long.

The spruce has been spruced up and is all ready for the printer's ink.

THE LUMBERJACK FELLS THE TREE: The first stage in the production of newsprint for the world's presses. The axe-cuts guide the fall

A BOOM OF LOGS: It has been assembled in a Lake Superior bay and is ready for towing to the paper mills. The boom is made up of logs chained together and encircling smaller logs

THE BOOM REACHES ITS DESTINATION: Logs are taken from the boom and moved on to the jack ladder (centre foreground) which keeps moving them into the big machines in the paper mill

TWO MORE STAGES IN THE PROCESS FROM TREE TO PAPER: *Left*—A cascade of wooden chips entering the "digester" at the paper mills. Here they are combined with acid calcium sulphite to produce sulphite pulp. *Right*—Excess water is squeezed from groundwood pulp stock before it goes into the paper-making machines. This pulp has passed successively through a set of four knotters and eight primary screens. During the water-separating process the pulp very often adheres to the roller-like couches

READY FOR SHIPMENT: Completed rolls of newsprint at a big Canadian paper-making plant. Since the close of the Second World War the industry has enjoyed a considerable boom

Newsprint paper is Canada's greatest export, just surpassing wheat and more than doubling that of timber. It is a billion dollar industry, and in these paper-less days it is booming in a way that it has never done before. The pictures on this page show phases in the production of newsprint from the felling of the tree to the despatch of the finished product.

"LONGSTREETVILLE" SCENE: THE FINALE OF THE FIRST ACT OF LONDON'S LATEST AMERICAN MUSICAL COMEDY, "HIGH BUTTON SHOES," AT THE LONDON HIPPODROME: The setting is New Brunswick in 1913, and it is presented as a "New Song and Dandy Show"

Among the pantomimes and Christmas plays which opened in the West End just before the holiday was one major musical production—the New York success, *High Button Shoes*. Its plot revolves round the exploits of a confidence trickster in the real-estate business (played by Lew Parker) in pre-First World War New Brunswick. The period gives scope for attractive costumes which have already become "period," and the show is energetically produced, danced and sung

"HIGH BUTTON SHOES"

London's Latest American Musical Comedy: Markova and Dolin at the Empress Hall, Earl's Court

THE KEYSTONE COPS INVADE THE "BATHING BEAUTY BALLET": Reminiscent of an early Mack Sennett film comedy, the cops, the bathing belles and the Theda Bara-style vamp dance in front of the bathing huts on the Atlantic City beach in "High Button Shoes"

LEADING LADY AND LEADING MAN: Hermene French and Lew Parker dance to the tune of "Can't You See Yourself In Love With Me?", one of the tuneful numbers

BALLET IN AN ICE RINK: Alicia Markova with the Corps de Ballet in the Winter Scene from the "Nutcracker" ballet at the Empress Hall, Earl's Court, where she and Anton Dolin danced before audiences of 5,000 for five nights last week. They had flown from New York after Christmas to make their second appearance in London since the war

MARKOVA AND DOLIN DANCING THE ENTRÉE OF THE ITALIAN SUITE: Their programme consisted of a number of dance excerpts and solos, outstanding among which was Alicia Markova's rendering of "The Dying Swan"

The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

A NOVEL IN A HUNDRED

H. E. Bates, Taking the Burmese Retreat as His Theme, Presents "The Jacaranda Tree"

A NEW novel by Mr. H. E. Bates would be a matter for interest and speculation even if it were not the best thing the author has written up to date, as I think upon reflection, that THE JACARANDA TREE (Michael Joseph. 9s. 6d.) is, and when I write that, I am remembering both *Spella Ho* and *The Poacher*, which quite rightly made his early reputation. The new book is a story of Burma, or rather of one English-settled town in it during the retreat before the Japanese in that early phase of the war. Mr. Bates' own war experience may have given him some of the material for the story that follows, but only the craft of a man who is both a professional writer and a born storyteller could account for the success of this novel.

The jacaranda tree itself bloomed in the arid space which was the garden of Paterson's house in Burma, and Paterson was the manager of the local rice mill; an independent, remote sort of chap whose chief peculiarity was that he loved Burma, not because it gave him his living, or because it had produced the girl he loved, but because he understood and cherished the country itself. Nevertheless, when the Japanese advance grew too near and too threatening, it was Paterson who organised the evacuation of the few remaining English people and half-castes and who blew up the mill itself to keep it from the enemy's exploitation.

Two big cars with trailers took this little group of people out of the town on their way, their infinitely slow and difficult way, to the Indian frontier and at least temporary safety, and it is with the story of that trek that we are concerned. Mr. Bates has dealt with it dramatically and excitingly, and has had the courage to include at least one scene of vivid horror that will haunt the reader for days—and nights. This is a novel in a hundred, and I hope you won't miss it.

When Mr. Henry Williamson writes a book it is equally an event, and not only for the reason that they seem too widely spaced for our pleasure. THE PHASIAN BIRD (Faber and Faber. 10s. 6d.) is a remarkable story in its own right: the saga of a small coastal farm in Norfolk which, of all English counties, probably has the most extraordinary record for game. The chronicle of the pheasant opens in the winter of 1937, one of the doldrum years in English farming, and ends in 1944, soon after that Christmas.

The actual story of the animals and the birds themselves would be fascinating enough, with Chee-kai, the bird of such lovely colours, with its immensely long tail; Gallinule, the experienced moorcock, and the hoody crow, strangely and yet aptly named Harra the Denchman, and a number of others; but there is also the background of the changing conditions of a completely rural corner of England, where war days are recorded not so much by passing or falling aircraft, as by the conditions of the land itself, and the prospects of the men who must farm it for a living.

At first suggestion, this would not be everyone's book, and yet it has the universal quality that any truly understanding writer about country ways and days must bring to his recital: an appreciation, a love and an occasional bitterness that give a poignant story its principal savour.

THERE WERE THREE MEN (Gollancz. 10s. 6d.) can be truly described as a psychological novel, since it is written in terms of human conduct, behaviour, motive and thought, rather than in terms of action. Miss Helen Beauclerk's is a fine and nimble talent, and I applaud it in common with thousands of readers, but it lacks some force that makes even lesser novelists more significant; possibly some warmth, some tough-fibred understanding that would be none the less subtle for being more human.

There is, too, the consideration that Miss Beauclerk did not really like any single one of her characters, and there can be something a little chilling about a novel written in that mood.

It should be easy enough to write an amusing novel about Hollywood, a locality in which even a sober transcript of a day's events would read like a fantasy, but in fact the Beverly Hills-inspired stories have made as undistinguished reading in the main as those fathered by Bloomsbury, Chelsea or Chorlton-cum-Hardy. The exceptions can be a real delight, and this is the case with Mr. Edwin Gilbert's novel, THE SQUIRREL CAGE (Heinemann. 9s. 6d.).

Mr. Gilbert's hero is a young man who comes out to "the coast" from New York with no money but moderately good prospects and a beautiful, brand-new contract, to work on the film version of a play which the studio has bought, but which he himself has written in the first place. What happens to that play is almost the only thing that could have been predicted in an entertaining, waspish but objective novel that taught me a good deal about Hollywood, but not the reason why people continue to live there.

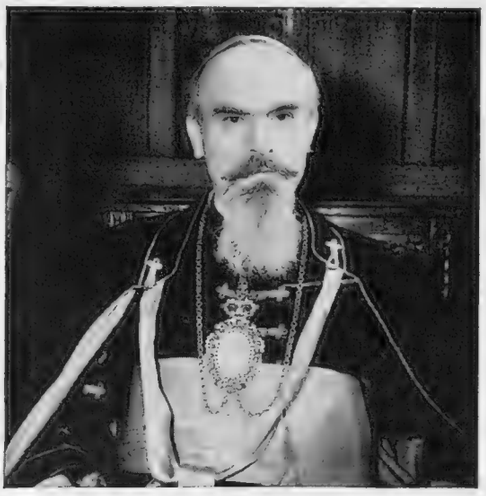
Mr. John Hetherington, who was one of the *Manchester Guardian's* war correspondents, has written a fast-paced novel, THE WINDS ARE STILL (Allen and Unwin. 9s. 6d.), about a group of British and Dominion soldiers, trapped in Greece, and escaping from there with immense difficulty and courage to Egypt. At times the writing is something over-tense, and even reminiscent of that school of clipped and understated writing that one thought had perished with the Spanish civil war, but in the main this is an effective story, and not without its high spots of drama and sentiment.

FLIGHT INTO FEAR (Macdonald. 8s. 6d.) is an adventure story and a really good one, by a writer whose work has advanced and improved out of recognition in the last ten years. Mr. Francis Gerard, whose loyal "fan" I am fast becoming, has chosen an appropriately sensational setting for his story of a lost jewel and a murder, and has contrived to make the exploits of his characters match that setting in excitement and thrills. There is nothing really mundane, even in 1949, about a long-distance journey in a flying-boat across half the world, and Mr. Gerard was right in supposing that his readers would recognise this.

I confess that I was eager to read the autobiography of Lieut.-Commander Douglas V. Duff, R.N.V.R., from the instant I saw the frontispiece, which is the photograph of a bearded, plump and apparently happy figure, the author. There is independent evidence from some Tobruk cartoons that Lieut.-Commander Duff is by no means the bland soul that his portrait might seem to indicate, but that he has an extensive vocabulary often employed to some purpose, and his career in itself might suggest the occasions for that. He was first torpedoed at the age of fifteen, and was landed at Lorient as the sole survivor of a Cunarder in 1917.

MAY THE WINDS BLOW (Hollis and Carter. 16s.) tells his own story from childhood through adventure after adventure, in Ireland, in Palestine, as a novice in a monastery, as skipper of a minesweeper, as secret agent in the Middle East, and as "Admiral" of the schooner fleet which supplied Tobruk. It is an amazing story and told with all the dash it deserves.

ROAD TO SURVIVAL (Gollancz. 15s.) is an extraordinary, startling and important book that Mr. J. B. Priestley has called "as urgent as a fire-alarm," and with the best of reasons. This study by Mr. William Vogt is in some sort a revelation of the decreasing natural resources of the earth on which we live, particularly in regard to that first necessity, food. Mr. Vogt points to the tragic, even catastrophic dangers of over-population combined with underproduction, and the latter not in man-made objects, but in the irreplaceable things that come from the earth itself.



LEAVING ON AN AMERICAN MISSION: Theodosius Stephanus de Nemeth, Archbishop and Deputy Patriarch of the Greek Oriental Church of the United States of America, declares that the recent report, published in "The Sphere" and other journals, that he is going to America to preach against the "Red Menace" is quite untrue. In a written statement to "The Sphere" he declares: "I am not taking part in politics at all, and therefore, naturally, I do not go to the United States to lecture or preach against any doctrine, either Russian or any other, my principle being that no priest should take part in world politics. I am now going to the United States to take over the leadership of my Church there, and to investigate for what reason they joined the Patriarch of Moscow during the war without my consent"

LIGHTWEIGHT MEMOIRS, AND A HEAVYWEIGHT MYSTERY

George Sava has a facile pen and a cunning hand. He writes his books under more than one name, for he ranges far and wide in the literary field, and he is an expert on plastic surgery. Born George Alexis Milkomanovitch Milkomane, son of Colonel Ivan Alexandrovitch and Countess Maria Ignatiev, and nephew of Prince Alexander Milkomanovitch Milkomane, Mr. Sava has had a life of high adventure since he entered the Russian Imperial Naval Academy in 1913, and now, with more than twenty books to his credit and still in his forties, he has yet more to say. Mr. Sava says it with gusto in THE KNIFE HEALS AGAIN (Macdonald. 10s. 6d.). This author has a fascinating fluency, a wealth of anecdotes of his profession, and a horizon almost unlimited, but for all his engaging ways these reminiscences have neither the quality nor the compelling interest, say, of the Axel Munthe or Halliday Sutherland memoirs. They are inclined to be lightweight, as witness Mr. Sava's rather vague and wisely undocumented chapter on the nefarious practices of certain Balkan diplomats

Leonard Matters, the Australian-born journalist, was for some years managing editor of the Buenos Aires *Herald*. It was while in Argentina that he heard the strange story of Dr. Stanley, the dying cancer victim, who, as the dread disease had almost run its course, made the confession that he was "Jack the Ripper," author of the Whitechapel murders which in the '80's of the last century terrorised London, making all women tread in fear. From that confession Mr. Matters started a train of investigations, visiting the scenes of the crimes and checking and rechecking every terrible detail. His book, THE MYSTERY OF JACK THE RIPPER, first came out in 1929, creating the deepest interest, and now twenty years later, it emerges in a new edition (W. H. Allen. 7s. 6d.). The Ripper mysteries are still no nearer solution than they were in 1929, and Mr. Matters' theories, which he presents with ruthless, realistic frankness, still hold good. Dr. Stanley, who killed forlorn women to avenge his son, who mutilated their bodies and laid their pitiful earnings neatly at their feet, is a fantastic, nightmarish figure. He is just credible, however, and from the murder of Martha Turner on August 7, 1888, to that of Marie Jeannette Kelly on November 10 of that same year, we follow, fascinated, the trail of evidence through the East End's drab streets. Mr. Matters certainly makes his theories fit the crimes, and no one is ever likely to get nearer the truth than this Australian journalist with a gift for the dramatic.

Max Parrish have made the arts their special province in the realm of publishing, and their handbooks are first-rate. Their latest series, *Handbooks of European National Dances*, published at 3s. 6d. each, starts with DANCES OF AUSTRIA, by Katharina Breuer, DANCES OF PORTUGAL, by Lucile Armstrong, DANCES OF FINLAND, by Yngvar Heikel and Anni Collan, and DANCES OF GREECE, by Domini Crosfield. Each book has a series of excellent colour illustrations showing the traditional costumes, and there are elaborate notes on how to dance the Greek Tsamikos, the Finnish Sahan Katrilli, the Portuguese Rosa, and the Austrian Schuplatter. From the same publishing house come two new additions to *The World of Music* series (Max Parrish. 6s.) GERMAN SONG is contributed by Elisabeth Schumann, herself a celebrated singer in the Hamburg and Vienna operas in pre-war days, Mosco Carner, formerly opera conductor in Vienna and Danzig, writes on THE WALTZ. It is a lively account, a mirror of the gay and carefree spirit of Austria's golden age.

One wearies of superlatives in exclaiming upon the skill of Frank Smythe as a photographer of mountain snowscapes. SWISS WINTER (A. and C. Black. 30s.) contains a series of forty-eight monochrome plates and eight plates in colour from Mr. Smythe's photographs. Here is the authentic atmosphere for which the winter sportsman yearns, and the notes accompanying the pictures have a special appeal, as most of them recall some pleasurably arduous or exciting day spent among the peaks. If Mr. Smythe is an expert upon mountain lore, Mr. John J. Rowlands excels no less in describing the Canadian northwoods, and his CACHE LAKE COUNTRY (A. and C. Black. 15s.) is a fascinating story of life in a land of Indian trappers and big game.

In a recent short notice of an autobiography by Mr Jack Bilbo (published by the Modern Art Gallery), THE SPHERE stated that "'self-confessedly' Mr. Bilbo radiates an amazing and almost uncanny personal magnetism." We now have been asked by the author to retract the term "self-confessedly" in view of the fact that Mr. Bilbo has vigorously dissociated himself from authorship of the publisher's statement on the dust jacket, which was printed without his authority

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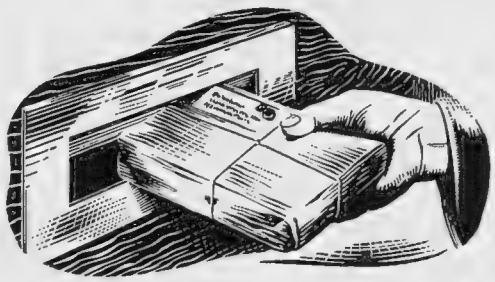

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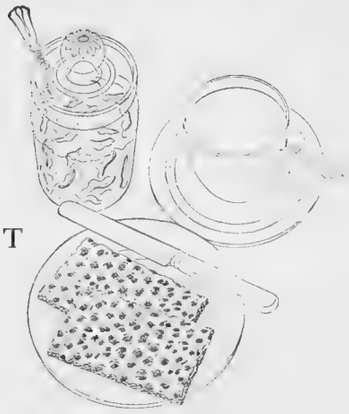

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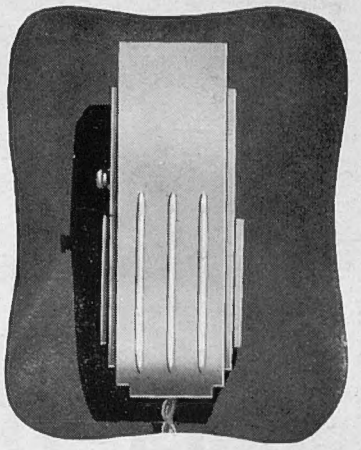

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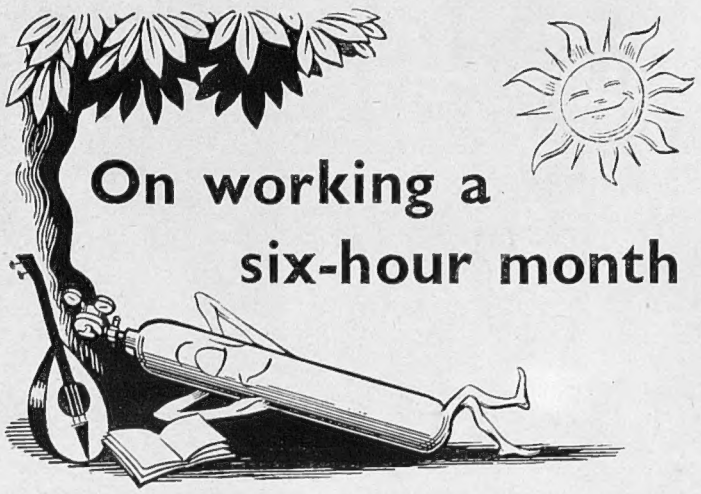

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discovered that diamonds and carbon are chemically the same. He proved it by weighing a diamond, heating it with potassium nitrate, and then weighing the carbon dioxide produced. Tennant made other important discoveries. In 1803 he noticed that when crude platinum was dissolved in aqua regia (a mixture of nitric and hydrochloric acids) a black powder was left. Leading chemists of the time believed this to be graphite or "blacklead". Tennant did not, and his investigations resulted in the discovery of two new metals, iridium and osmium. Iridium—so called because of the varied colours of its compounds—is used for tipping the gold nibs of fountain pens. It is so hard that it lasts almost indefinitely and, like gold, is not corroded by ink. Osmium is the heaviest substance known.

The son of a Yorkshire clergyman, Tennant was born in Wensleydale in 1761. His interest in chemistry began early, and at the tender age of nine he was found making gunpowder for fireworks. He studied chemistry at the University of Edinburgh and at Christ's College, Cambridge. Later he travelled extensively in Europe and met many of the leading scientists of other countries. In 1813 he was appointed Professor of Chemistry at the University of Cambridge, but was killed two years later in a riding accident while on holiday at Boulogne. The nib of the modern fountain pen is one reminder of the work of this distinguished English chemist.

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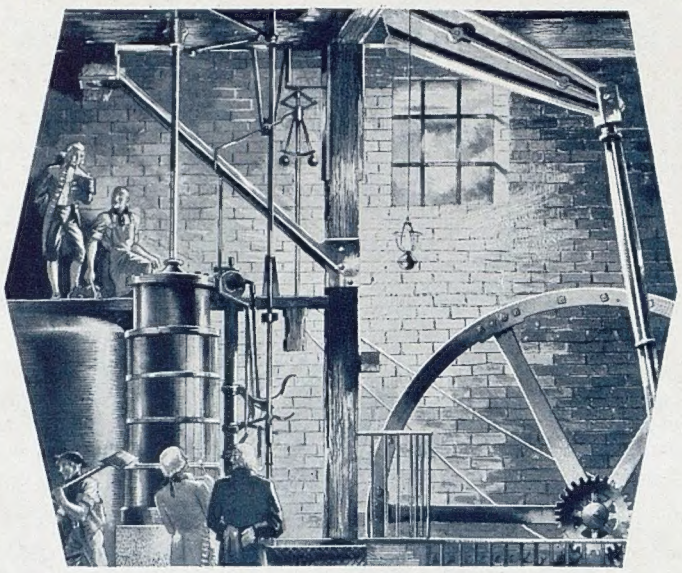

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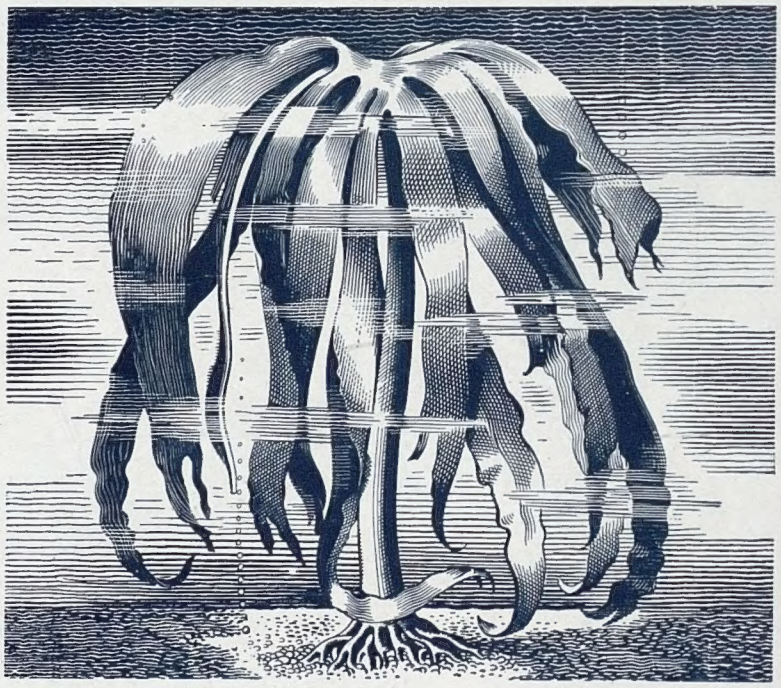

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